TV RADIO MIRROR

ADIO MIRROR'S N. Y., N. J., Conn. Edition

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DECEMBER, 1955

TV RADIO MIRROR

N. Y., N. J., Conn. Edition

VOL. 45, NO. 1

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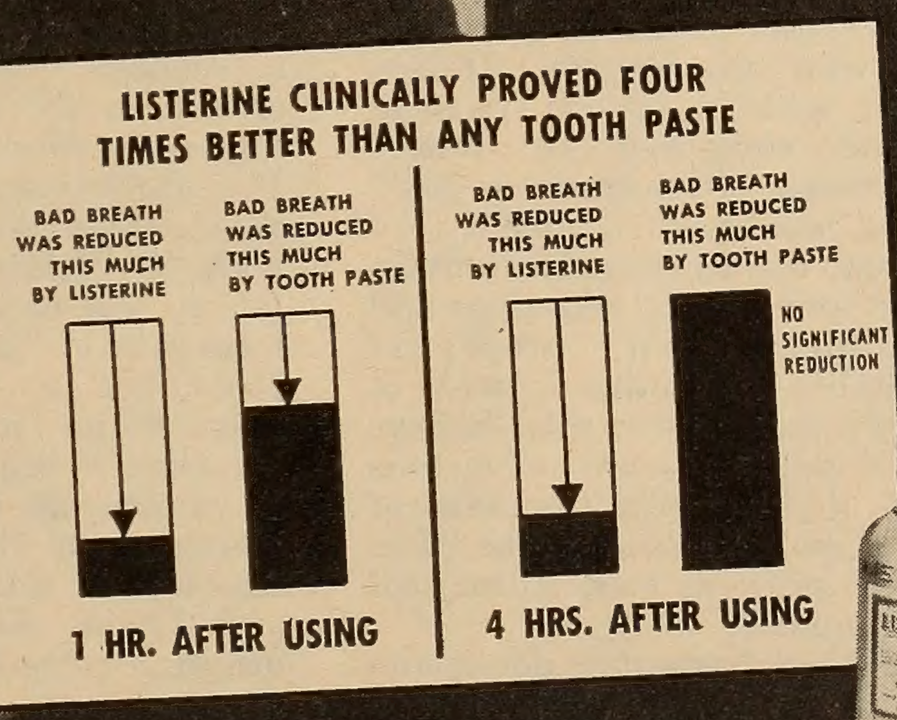
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You see, tooth paste depends largely on mechanical and masking methods of removing unpleasant mouth odors. But Listerine acts antiseptically on many surfaces . . . the teeth, mouth, throat. It kills disease-producing germs as well as many types of odor-producing germs. No tooth paste offers proof like this of killing germs that cause bad breath.

LISTERINE CLINICALLY PROVED FOUR TIMES BETTER THAN ANY TOOTH PASTE



LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC . . . THE MOST WIDELY USED ANTISEPTIC IN THE WORLD

• By Jill Warren



Suburbia gets a mild ribbing in *My Favorite Husband,* with Vanessa Brown and Barry Nelson.



With actress-wife Virginia Mayo and baby Mary Catherine, Michael O'Shea finds, as per the title of his NBC-TV show, *It's A Great Life.*

WHAT'S NEW FROM

TAKING its name from the century we live in, *Project 20,* NBC's ambitious TV entry this season, premieres on the network Thursday night, November 13, with "Nightmare in Red." This will be a one-hour film show, produced by **Henry Salomon,** who did *Victory At Sea* last year, with a special musical background composed by **Robert Russell Bennett.** "Nightmare in Red" will be a documented history of Russia from the Russian Revolution to present times, using film clips and captured films (from Europe) of Lenin, Stalin, and others, most of which have never been seen before. *Project 20* will be seen on various Thursday nights, with the date of the next show, scheduled to be "The Jazz Age," starring **Fred Allen,** still to be announced.

CBS-TV also has a new documentary series called *"Wanted,"* which is seen on Thursday nights. On this half-hour, the "actors" are actually real criminals and real officers of the law. There are also factual picturizations of crime and the never-ending hunt for the nation's most wanted fugitives from justice. True to its title, *"Wanted"* will deal only with criminals still at large.

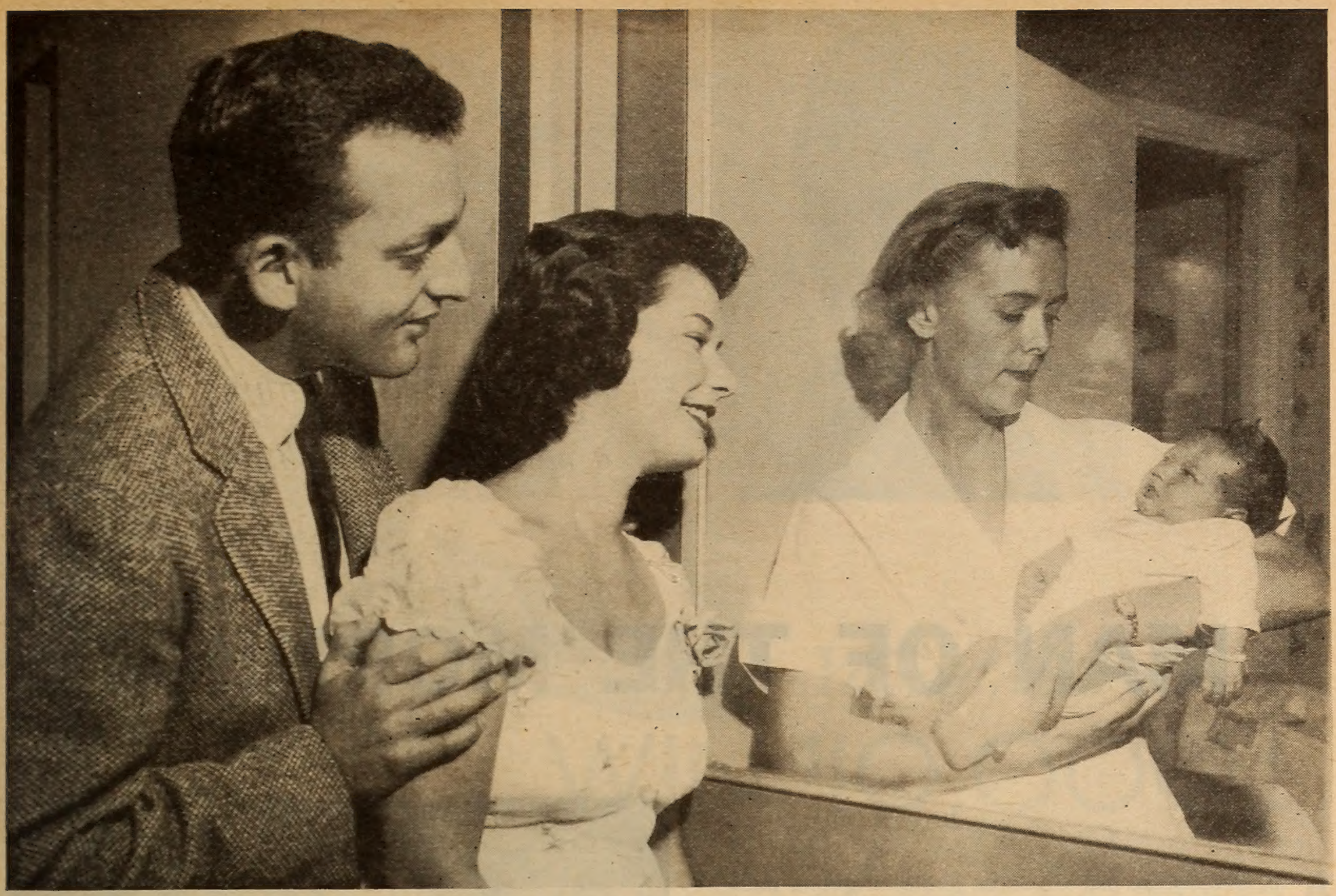
NBC Opera Theater is set to be a regular once-a-month Sunday-afternoon TV production, alternating with *Maurice Evans Presents The Hallmark Hall Of Fame* and *Wide, Wide World. Opera Theater,* with "Griffelkin" as its first presentation, will present a two-hour performance of "Madame Butterfly" on December 4, with Mozart's "The Magic Flute" scheduled for January.

Hallmark Hall Of Fame show for November 20 will be "The Devil's Disciple," by George Bernard Shaw. Co-starred will be **Maurice Evans** and **Dennis King,** recreating their original roles from the Broadway production.

ABC-TV has lined up a most impressive list of movies to be shown this season on their new *Famous Film Festival,* seen Sunday nights, with **Allyn Edwards** as host. The dates will be announced later, but you may look forward to such fine movies as "The Importance of Being Earnest," "Notorious Gentleman," "Stairway to Heaven," "Tight Little Island," "The Woman in Question," "The Man in Grey," "Madonna of the Seven Moons," and "The Mikado." If you missed any of these when they were originally released, now is your chance to see them in your living room.

In the spectacular department, you can see Max Liebman's production of "Dearest Enemy," on NBC-TV, Saturday night, November 26. It will star **Anne Jeffreys** and **Robert Sterling,** and the music and lyrics are by Richard Rodgers and the late Larry Hart.

Sunday night, December 4, will find **Maurice Chevalier** starring in a musical-variety revue, as one of NBC-TV's spectaculars this season. This will be Chevalier's first live television appearance in this country, though he has been a video



Songstress Lu Ann Simms and husband Loring Buzzell welcome baby Cynthia Lee, who's Lu Ann's reason for being absent from Arthur Godfrey's shows.

COAST TO COAST

favorite in France for some time.

Jack Benny has emceed and produced a special half-hour television film for the National Society for Retarded Children, and it will be seen throughout the country during National Retarded Children's Week, November 13 to 23. Benny, as honorary chairman of this fine organization, assembled an all-star cast for the show, all of whom freely donated their talents. Irene Dunne, Bob Crosby and his daughter Cathy, Marge and Gower Champion, The Modernaires, Art Linkletter, Liberace and brother George, and Don Wilson appear in the film. All production facilities for the show were lent by CBS-TV. Incidentally, this program will not be broadcast on a network hook-up, but will be seen on local stations throughout the country.

There's a new TV show for the youngsters, Saturday mornings on NBC. It's called *Fury*, and is an adventure series about a wild stallion and a city waif, starring eleven-year-old **Bobby Diamond** and **Gypsy**, a prize-winning movie horse. The story has been adapted from the classic children's story, "Black Beauty."

With the many new shows and spectaculars to dazzle viewers' eyes, the sturdy favorite, *Studio One*, goes into its eighth year of presenting hour-long original dramas and adaptations of famed plays and novels. **Felix Jackson**, who starts his third season as producer, promises more good things to come.

This 'n' That:

The year's most talked-about wedding finally took place on September 26 as **Eddie Fisher** and **Debbie Reynolds** were married. The wedding was held at the upstate New York home of Mrs. Elaine Grossinger Etess, daughter of Mrs. Jennie Grossinger, owner of the famous Grossinger's Catskill Mountains resort, where Eddie launched his career six years ago.

Singer **Merv Griffin** has joined the cast of Robert Q. Lewis' daily CBS-TV show, and **The Chordettes** have departed, though they're still heard on Robert Q.'s radio show. The cast change came about because the producers wanted to revamp the program a bit.

Ronny Burns, the twenty-year-old son of George Burns and Gracie Allen, has now become a permanent cast member of his parents' comedy TV show. Ronny made his television debut with **Jack Benny** on the *Shower Of Stars* presentation of "Time Out for Ginger."

Dennis Day and his wife are expecting an addition to their family in January, which will make it number five for the Days. Also on the stork's future list is **Roxanne**, **Bud Collyer**'s beautiful assistant on *Beat The Clock*. While she's away from the TV cameras, Roxanne will be replaced by **Beverly Bentley**.

Eric Sevareid, CBS' news analyst and Washington correspondent, has established a scholarship of $1000

(*Continued on page* 16)



Bob Crane and his unusual ideas make his merry morning show a must for WICC listeners

MAN OF THE MORNING

A GLIB-TONGUED, fast-thinking, pixilated young man joined Bridgeport's Station WICC last June and has since been signing on the air at 6:05 A.M., Monday through Saturday, with *The Bob Crane Show*. Four hours and ten minutes later—after a program of chatter and music, punctuated by exchanges with the raucous critics and cynics that Bob has assembled on tapes, records and transcriptions—he signs off. But, after some five months of helping Bridgeport listeners face the dawn's early light bravely, Bob still hates to get up in the morning. . . . However, as Bob breakfasts and simultaneously presides over three turntables and two tape machines, life begins to look better. After all, the program does give Bob a chance to beat out an occasional passage on his bongo drums ("great") or give out with some baritone singing ("mediocre"). "I'm really a ham at heart," Bob grins, "and live and breathe my four-hour show throughout the twenty-four." He's constantly looking for new voices and gimmicks to spring on his listeners—who, incidentally, comprise 75% of the area's radio audience. . . . Morning man Crane hails from Waterbury, Connecticut, saw his first dawn on Friday, July 13, 1928, and says, "Friday the 13th is significant in this case," adding that "I began talking to myself at once, though no one could understand me. This is a failing that was to stay with me." . . . Bob went to school in Stamford, was always interested in acting but was too busy playing the drums during and after school hours. He began playing professionally at fourteen, and has played with the Bobby Dukoff, Billy Butterfield, Tony Parenti, Eddie Safranski and Larry Fotine bands and with the Connecticut Symphony. He currently plays at such spots as The Westnor in Westport, the Glen Island Casino in New Rochelle and Armonk's Log Cabin. . . . Several years ago, after being on the road with bands, Bob decided he didn't like the idea of traveling. He started to knock at the doors of stations throughout the East, was told: "No, not the type for radio." Finally, in 1950, he landed a job doing farm reports and news at WLEA in Hornell, New York. A week later, heads rolled at the station and, with the mass firings, Bob wound up as the station emcee, deejay and assistant program director. Next he moved to WBIS in Bristol where he did a morning show. One day, a guest failed to show up and Bob started using gimmicks and sound effects. "After all the years of talking to myself," he says, "I found that it was better to talk back to records." Having developed his format, Bob did a stint at WLIZ, then joined WICC. . . . Aside from gimmicks, Bob's record preferences are for "good swinging jazz," Stan Kenton, Bobby Dukoff and, in the vocal department, Ella Fitzgerald, Bob Manning, Anita Boyer and Frank Sinatra. He plays current pops, light jazz and old standards on the show. . . . In his spare time, Bob collects records, listens to the competition and plays the drums. He's in great demand as an emcee, beauty-contest judge and speaker. In fact, Bob Crane is simply in great demand throughout Connecticut.



Gimmicks are Bob's specialty. His hen-critic cackles her views and, "the better a record, the fewer eggs it lays."



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Put on your thinking cap. Dream up a dream like "I dreamed I played Cleopatra in my Maidenform bra". Remember? Or—"I dreamed I was a toreador" —"I dreamed I was a social butterfly". What's *your* prize-winning dream?

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4 prizes of $250 each; 10 prizes of $100 each; 25 prizes of $50 each and 200 prizes of $20 each!
Over $20,000 in cash prizes!

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1. Nothing to buy—no box tops to send in, just 'dream up' as many suggestions as you wish. However, each entry must be submitted with an official entry blank. Additional entry blanks may be picked up at any Maidenform dealer. Each entry must also be accompanied by a different statement of twenty-five words or less which completes this sentence: "I prefer Maidenform, world's most popular bra, because . . .".
2. All entries will be judged by The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation on the basis of originality, aptness and general interest of the dream suggestion and statement which accompanies it. Fancy entries won't count extra. Judges' decisions will be final. All entries become the exclusive property of the sponsor; and all rights are given by the contestant without compensation, for use of all or any part of his entry in the sponsor's advertising. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of ties. The entry must be the original work of the contestant.
3. Any person, residing in the United States, its possessions and Canada, may enter the contest, except employees, or members of their immediate families, of the sponsor and its advertising agencies. All members of a family may enter, but only one prize will be awarded to a family. Contest is subject to government regulations.
4. Send all entries to; Maidenform Dream Contest, P. O. Box 57A, Mt. Vernon, New York. Entries must be postmarked no later than November 30th, 1955 to be eligible.
5. All winners will be notified by mail within four weeks of closing date. Winners' list will be sent to all who request it with a self addressed, stamped envelope.

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P.O. Box 57A, Dept. 132F
Mt. Vernon, N.Y.

"I dreamed I _____
_____ in my Maidenform bra"

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

Complete this sentence in 25 words or less: I prefer Maidenform, world's most popular bra, because _____

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TVR

STEVE ALLEN'S TURNTABLE



HI, THERE, and welcome to the meeting. The subject is music, as usual, and I've got a nice bundle of new recordings to tell you about.

Let's start off with a new Les Paul-Mary Ford etching of something called "Amukiriki," which should be a big hit for this popular husband and wife team. It's a smooth ballad done up in the dreamy style of their "Vaya Con Dios," with a multi-vocal by Mary, of course. The title is taken from the current travel film of the same name. The other side of the record is a Les Paul original, "Magic Melody," with Mary humming the melody. It has a curious ending, to the tune of "Shave and a Hair Cut, Two Bits," but the "two bits" part is missing. So, as a gimmick, Capitol has recorded the shortest record in history —just a "bum-bum" in place of the "two bits"—which disc jockeys will be playing separately. What will these companies be thinking of next?

Ella Fitzgerald, one of my favorite vocal ladies, has a terrific new album called "Sweet and Hot," in which she does all old tunes, ranging from the softest ballad to the torrid swing stuff, as only Ella can do it. "Thanks for the Memory," "It Might As Well Be Spring," "Old Devil Moon" and a two-part version of "You'll Have To Swing It (Mr. Paganini)" are just a few. Sy Oliver, Andre Previn, John Scott Trotter and Benny Carter share the orchestra credits. (Decca)

Cha-chas can come and go, but Xavier Cugat and his rhumba stuff go on and on. Cugie's newest is a love song, done in the sway-hip tempo, natch, called "Who Me?", with his better half, Abbe Lane, singing the lyrics. On the reverse, the Cugat crew do another rhumba, "At Last We're Alone," with a vocal chorus. (Epic)



Jill Corey, who appears with Johnny Carson on TV, solos with a cute ditty, "Ching Ching A-Ling," for Columbia.

"Bing in the 1930's" is a nostalgia-filled album that anyone who collects Crosby will just have to have. These are all original recordings of some of the great tunes Bing made popular twenty or so years ago, such as "I Found a Million Dollar Baby," "Faded Summer Love," "Just One More Chance," "Good Night, Sweetheart," and others. (Coral)

The Chordettes have a new one, "The Wedding," to which they give their ballad-style interpretation. On the backing, in barber-shop style, the gals do "I Don't Know, I Don't Care," which once was an Italian song, "Souvenir D'Italie," before it was given an American title and lyric. Archie Bleyer's orchestra on both. (Cadence)

Columbia is issuing a new album by Dave Brubeck, "Jazz—Red, Hot and Cool," and the name fits the music, to say the least. The whole set was recorded at New York's famous Basin Street Club, during one of the recent appearances of this hot quartet. Brubeck, who is considered one of America's top young jazz pianists, comes through with some great keyboard work.

This seems to be the year for song hits via television, and the newest entry in this category is "The White Buffalo," which James Brown introduced on *Rin Tin Tin* a couple of weeks ago, and which he has recorded for M-G-M. The backing is a new Western-flavored ballad, "It's Lonesome Out Tonight."

Bill Hayes has also waxed "The White Buffalo," coupled with a new novelty, "Kwela Kwela," which is a South African melody. Archie Bleyer's orchestra provides the music, with Archie playing a rhythm instrument called the "pogo cello," which he rigged up out of a pogo stick and strings, especially for this recording. (Cadence)

Joni James has a new album, "When I Fall in Love," in which she sings twelve songs all strictly about—you guessed it, love. David Perry's orchestra plays romantic music for Missy James as she croons "To Each His Own," "Love Letters," "As Time Goes By," "Where Can I Go Without You," and others. (M-G-M)

Herb Shriner formed his own harmonica orchestra, landed a Columbia recording contract, and steps forth with his first release, "Tumbling Tumble Weeds" and "It's the Talk of the Town." The Hoosier humorist and his lads do a good job on both, with Shriner coming across on a couple of solo passages.

"Harry James in Hi-Fi" is a new Capitol album, starring James and his Music Makers. They do old James favorites such as "You Made Me Love You," "I've Heard That Song Before," "I'm Beginning To See the Light," "I Cried for You," their theme, "Ciribiribin," and others. There are fine vocals by Helen Forrest, who was James' singer about ten years ago, and Harry plays some wonderful trumpet solos, as only he can.

M-G-M has signed two new vocalists, and both bid to do well for themselves. The first is the young English baritone, Johnny Brandon, who is well-known abroad. For his initial American release, he gives the British crooner touch to "Don't Worry" and "Sing Me Something Soft and Sentimental," both ballads. Norman Warren conducts the orchestra. The second is a young lad named Marvin Rainwater, a folk singer and composer, who M-G-M hopes will be the successor to the late Hank Williams. For his first record under his new contract, Rainwater sings two of his own compositions, "Sticks and Stones," a philosophical ballad, and "Albino (Pink-Eyed) Stallion," a rousing ditty about a wild horse in the Wild West. Incidentally, Rainwater is one of the stars of the *Ozark Jubilee* show, now seen nationally on ABC-TV.

Alfredo Antonini and his orchestra have a beautiful new instrumental record in "Why Reach for the Moon?" and the theme music from "The Lost Hour." Incidentally, the latter was used as the background melody for the "Three Empty Rooms" TV production on *Studio One* a few weeks ago. Both these sides are also included in the forthcoming "Atmosphere by Antonini" album. (Coral)

Lillian Briggs, the "I Want You To Be My Baby" girl, may have another hit with her new one, "Give Me a Band and My Baby." The twenty-two-year-old newcomer from Allentown, Pennsylvania, belts out the lyrics for all they're worth. The coupling is a ballad, "It Could've Been Me." (Epic) You'll be seeing Lillian on TV this season when she appears on *Stage Show* from time to time.

"Walt Disney Song Carousel" is a new Victor album which should appeal to adults as well as the kids. Included are twelve well-known songs from various Disney productions of the past, such as "When You Wish Upon a Star," "Whistle While You Work," "Never Smile at a Crocodile," and the lovely "Bella Notte." Joe Reisman did the beautiful arrangements, and conducts the orchestra and chorus. Victor has done up a specially designed cover for this album—it stands up in the form of a castle, with pictures of many of the charming and well-known Disney characters.

Jill Corey's latest is aimed straight at the teen-age population, and it should bring in the jukebox shekels. Jill does a cute novelty, "Ching Ching A-Ling," along with "Look Look!" a musical tale about a girl and boy out on a date. (Columbia)

And look, look—my space is up. But I'll be meeting you back here next month with a special roundup of Christmas records to give and to get.

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COUNTESS MARITZA	*Silent Night, White Mist*
CHARBERT	*Breathless*
BOURJOIS	*Roman Holiday, Evening in Paris*
HARRIET HUBBARD AYER	*Golden Chance*
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Wonderful chance to discover Camay's Caressing Care! Like exquisite Camay Brides and beautiful women everywhere, you'll love Camay's mild and gentle ways, satin-smooth lather, and exclusive fragrance. No other beauty soap pampers your skin like Camay!

MAIL COUPON TODAY!

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Please send me_____ Camay Perfume Sampler packets. I am enclosing 50¢ *and* 3 Camay Soap wrappers for *each* packet.

Name_____

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Please allow at least 21 days for your perfume to reach you as it takes that long to handle your order properly. Offer good only in continental U.S., including Alaska and Hawaii. Please be sure to put sufficient postage on your envelope. Offer expires April 10, 1956.

T
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Red!

Rhythm-in-Red! A high-key red that fairly sings . . . in wonderful harmony with the blues, the crimsons, the hunter greens of new Fall fashions. Rhythm-in-Red has just the right note of blue to give it a deep, exciting brilliance! And, because it's a Cashmere Bouquet Lipstick, Rhythm-in-Red *stays* crimson-bright on your lips, stays *off* everyone else!





Conover girls pick Cashmere Bouquet

"Have a lipstick wardrobe: a crimson-red **(Rhythm-in-Red)**, a true-red **(Lookout Red)** and a golden-red **(Tropic Sun)**. All three cost less than $2 when, like our Conover girls, you choose Cashmere Bouquet."

says Candy Jones

Director Conover School, New York, N.Y.

cashmere bouquet

Indelible-Type Lipstick

Super-Creamed to Keep Your Lips Like Velvet

7 Cover-Girl Colors **49¢** plus tax

Ask your questions—

New Face

Everybody's always talking about "new faces." Well, how about Liam Sullivan, who's been appearing on many of the TV drama shows? Can you tell us about him?
E. M., New York, N. Y.

Liam Sullivan, who has appeared on most of the top TV dramatic shows—notably as Romeo on *Kraft Theater* and the coachman on *Life With Father*—has brought a record flood of mail to this department. . . . Liam first opened his gray eyes in Jacksonville, Illinois, on May 18, 1927. The only member of his family to pursue an acting career, Liam spent a great deal of his childhood among carnival people—his father owns and operates the only Ferris-wheel factory in the world. But Liam originally set his sights on a career in economics. He attended Jacksonville High, Culver Military Academy and Harvard, where he won an honor degree and first became interested in acting. After a year as a cost accountant for a steel firm, Liam took off for the Hedgerow Theater in Moylan, Pennsylvania, served as lighting technician, carpenter, box-office manager. Finally, since six-footer Sullivan was the only member of the company who fit the costume on hand for Feste in "Twelfth Night," he played his first part, followed it with a series of Shaw and Chekhov roles, then a summer stock stint in Saratoga, New York. . . . Next, he toured with Margaret Webster's Shakespeare Company, did some television acting, and then appeared on Broadway with Katharine Cornell in "The Constant Wife," with Joseph Schildkraut in "Love's Labour's Lost," and with Luther Adler in "The Merchant of Venice." . . . Liam's TV appearances include *Kraft, Philco, Circle, Hallmark,* and *Lux Theaters,* as well as *Cavalcade Of America, Studio 57, My Little Margie, The Millionaire* and *Mr. District Attorney.* . . . Now settled in California "for good," Liam has shipped his collection of some 5,000 pop and classical records West and is designing and constructing built-in furniture for his modern Hollywood apartment. In his spare time, he rides, fences and sails. He's definitely "eligible."

Stella's Son-In-Law

I would like to know something about Bert Cowlan, who plays Dick Grosvenor in Stella Dallas *on NBC.*
L. G. L., Bethel, O.

With sixteen years of top radio roles behind him, Bert Cowlan still laughs at the back-handed way he turned actor. Bert was a student at New York City's Stuyvesant High School and the bane of his ex-

information booth

and we'll try to find the answers

istence was the script-writing chores one of his teachers gave the pupils. To "get out of them," Bert told his teacher he'd like to act. . . . The scripts had been for a radio stock company his teacher conducted for the Board of Education's Station WNYE, and Bert got his wish to act with the same group. Then, as a member of the All-City High School Radio Workshop, Bert, at sixteen, became producer-director of four shows. . . . He also acted and announced, lectured to teacher-in-training groups, and was an assistant instructor in radio while he studied at New York University. . . . In 1945, Bert joined the Navy and ran the New York office of the Armed Forces Radio Service. He was also the only enlisted man to be an accredited correspondent with the UN. . . . His first network radio show was *Wilderness Road* and it was followed by such roles as Ted White in *The Guiding Light*, announcer on Tallulah Bankhead's program, where he "sat back and was entertained by the greatest talents in the business." He played Michael Victor opposite Marlene Dietrich in *Time For Love* and, looking back on this stint with the world's most glamorous grandmother, can only say, "What a year!" Currently, in addition to his part as Dick Grosvenor in *Stella Dallas*, Bert guests on such shows as *The Eternal Light* and does slide films and documentary narrations. . . . Married seven years to a lovely girl, Trudi, from Vienna, Bert has a five-month-old daughter, Margarite Lesley. The Cowlans live in Forest Hills, a New York suburb, and Bert relaxes by sailing and "fooling around" with cars, preferably sports models.



Liam Sullivan



Murial Williams

Footlight Femme

I'd like to know something about Murial Williams, who plays Lydia Harrick in The Brighter Day, *on CBS Radio and CBS-TV.*
J. B., Columbus, Ga.

Blonde Murial Williams comes to the airwaves after an impressive stage career in thirty-five Broadway plays. She also holds the record for the number of roles ever played by one actress at the famed Cape Playhouse at Dennis, Massachusetts. . . . But *Brighter Day* is not her first invasion of radio and TV. Murial worked in Boston radio with Ted Steele, was femcee on a Newark, New Jersey, TV review, has appeared on such programs as *Studio One* and *Philco Theater*, announced the Bishop Sheen program, and starred in the TV film "Winter Holiday" for the Swiss National Tourist Office. . . . Murial's New England childhood was typical, except for the emphasis on ballet and music lessons. She decided on a stage career after attending a Virginia finishing school. Then she enrolled at Boston's Leland Powers Dramatic School. . . . Murial met her husband, Francis Hart, while at the Cape Playhouse and, returning to Boston, the Harts organized and operated a model and production agency. They also ran a charm school, wrote, organized, directed and produced fashion and dramatic shows for stage, radio and TV. . . . When her husband died in 1950, Murial resumed her acting career, but still remains a vice-president of Hart Agency. She lives in a Greenwich Village apartment, guarded by a huge French poodle. Her chief non-career interest is the Foster Parents Plan for War Children.

It's A Bird . . .

Would you give me some information about George Reeves, who plays Superman *on TV?* *J. H., No. Bennington, Vt.*

Ever since George Reeves has been playing Superman on TV, he finds that whenever a cat is caught up a tree, or some other calamity has befallen neighborhood youngsters, he is called on for help. . . . Six-feet-two, 195 pounds, George is a student of the art of judo, starred in football and won the light-heavyweight boxing title at Pasadena Junior College. Born in Ashland, Kentucky, he cut his acting teeth on Shaw and Shakespeare at the famed Pasadena Community Playhouse at 17. His first film assignment was in "Gone With the Wind" and it led to roles opposite Rita Hayworth, Joan Caulfield, Claudette Colbert, Merle Oberon and Ann Sheridan. He also played Hopalong Cassidy's sidekick. But his longest contract was with the Army. He was a member of the star-studded "Winged Victory" troupe, and was later featured on Broadway in "Yellow Jack." After his discharge, he played in many of the world capitals, then returned to New York for a variety of roles in daytime serials and many of the leading TV dramas. . . . His next stop was Hollywood again, to "kill" Marlene Dietrich in "Rancho Notorious," then to appear in "From Here to Eternity." . . . On the personal side, George shares his bachelor's quarters with Sam, a frisky terrier. He has a keen interest in languages, particularly Spanish, enjoys singing to his own guitar accompaniment.

(*Continued on page* 18)



Bert Cowlan

Charming Louise Morgan, Boston's first lady of TV and radio, has a wonderful time delighting others



Smile Awhile



Mayor John B. Hynes and comedian Bob Hope were among those feting Louise for her seventh year on TV.



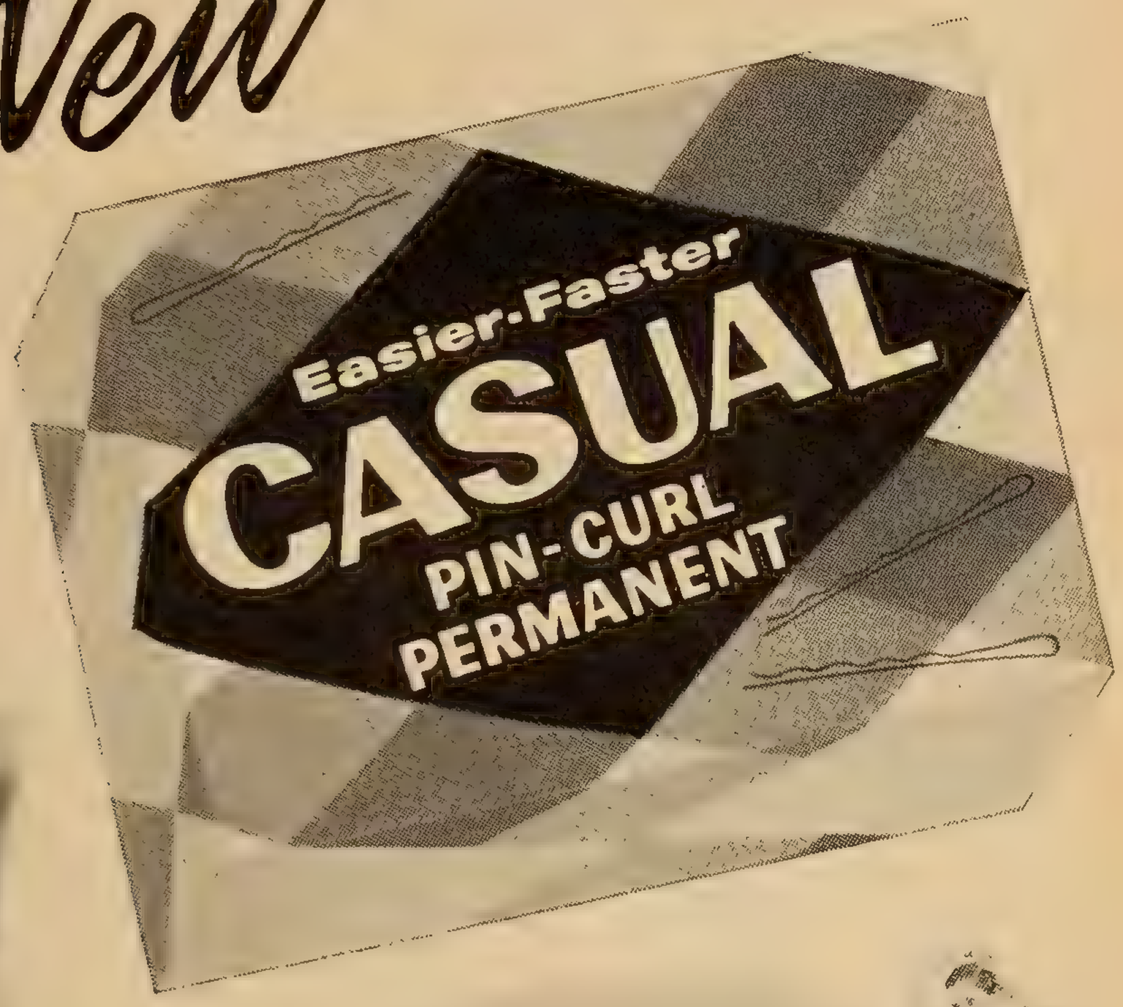
Interviews with Louise are informal, relaxing and fun —or, as Julius La Rosa puts it, "the living end."

LOUISE MORGAN—Boston's first lady of TV and leading lady of radio—got into television via radio, and into radio via a joke. . . . At lunch one bright day in 1942, with a friend who worked for Station WNAC, Louise was asked what she was doing in town. She laughed, then quipped, "I'm looking for a job at WNAC." . . . A few hours later, still laughing, Louise was at work as a producer. She handled this and subsequent chores before and behind the mike so competently that *The Louise Morgan Show*, heard weekdays on WNAC Radio at 9:40 A.M., resulted. And, with this feather in her cap, Louise found a mate for it as star of *Dear Homemaker*, seen daily on WNAC-TV at 1 P.M. This was the first live show on WNAC-TV, the first daytime show in Boston TV and the first TV program designed for Boston homemakers and—with its new "Crusader Rabbit" cartoon feature—Bean Town youngsters as well. . . . Along the route, Louise became Director of Special Events for the Yankee Network, still holds the post of Director of Women's Programs for WNAC Radio—and became famous for losing 250 WACS in the subway one afternoon. The WACS, lost as Louise was shepherding them to a broadcast, turned up just in time to go on the air. . . . Going still further back in Louise's history, she was born in Salem, gave a good account of herself at Lasell Junior College in Auburndale and the Leland Powers School of the Theater and Radio in Boston. Then, however, she had educating, not emoting, on her mind and became a student's dream of a teacher in Virginia, Washington, D. C., then at her alma mater, Leland Powers. . . . Still amazed at the result of her joke, Louise says, "It's a new thrill every time to meet these friends who invite me into their living rooms so often." Louise's own living room in her Back Bay home is done in green, in a mixture of modern and oriental styles. To relax, Louise does oil paintings of bridges, listens to records, plays golf and rides. . . . Celebrating Louise's seventh year on Channel 7, the Louise Morgan Trophy Race at Bay State Raceway was named for her. And the entire 90-piece Boston Pops Orchestra serenaded her with her theme song, "I Love Louisa," then played "Louise" for an encore. Joining in on the chorus were countless WNAC Radio and WNAC-TV friends.

For the Easiest Permanent of Your Life . . .



New



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Set your pin-curls just as you always do.
No need for anyone to help.



WET IT!

Apply CASUAL lotion just once.
15 minutes later, rinse with clear water.

FORGET IT!



That's all there is to it! CASUAL is self-neutralizing. There's no resetting. Your work is finished!

Naturally lovely, carefree curls that last for weeks . . .

CASUAL is the word for it . . . soft, carefree waves and curls—never tight or kinky—beautifully manageable, perfect for the new flattering hair styles that highlight the softer, natural look. Tonight—give yourself the loveliest wave of your life—a CASUAL pin-curl permanent!

Easier-Faster CASUAL PIN-CURL PERMANENT

takes just 15 minutes more than setting your hair!

$1.50 PLUS TAX

Pets and personalities provide the cue for fun on Andy Devine's delightful children's show



"Guests" on Andy's show are live, such as the donkey, and inanimate, such as Froggy the Gremlin, and Andy loves 'em all.



Squeekie the Mouse, in top hat and tails, is one of the "feature performers" on Andy's cute show.

ANDY'S GANG



Nino Marcel, who plays the elephant boy Gunga Ram, stops by for a chat with Froggy and Andy.

BACK in the twilight days of silent movies, young Andy Devine made his debut as a romantic star. Then came talking movies, which seemed to sound the death-knell for him. After all, the sweet nothings to be whispered in a young lady's ear could hardly sound romantic coming from gravel-voiced Andy! Fortunately, however, all was not lost, and Andy was then cast in comedy roles. Today, not even Andy knows how many movies he's made—"several hundred," he estimates. During this time, Andy also carved his niche in radio, appearing with all the "greats" such as Bing Crosby, Jack Benny, Bob Hope, Fred Allen. And, since 1951, television has been Andy's cup of tea as he has co-starred in the *Wild Bill Hickok* series and, since last August, headed his own popular show, *Andy's Gang*. . . . Each week, Andy steps before the TV cameras to present a delightful array of pets, personalities and stories, interspersed with songs and comedy, for children of all ages. Andy cavorts with members of his Buster Brown Gang, such as Squeekie the Mouse, Midnight the Cat, and Froggy the Gremlin; chats with characters such as Uncle Fishface, Mrs. Peek N. Pry and Monsieur Bon Bon; then narrates an adventure film which may feature Gunga Ram in India or an exciting episode in the South Sea Islands. . . . Playing the part of Gunga Ram is 15-year-old Nino Marcel, who has been in show business since he was a tot. Born in Chicago, Nino now lives in California and attends Montebello High School. One of the most frequent questions his fans ask him is, "Do you really wrestle with tigers?" "Yes," replies Nino—and he has scratches to prove it. . . . Other shining lights on *Andy's Gang* include June Foray, who provides many of the sounds and voices for Andy's stories; comical Billy Gilbert, who plays himself; Ken Christy, the voice of Froggy; and midget Jerry Maren, who is Buster Brown. . . . All in all, *Andy's Gang* is a sparkling combination of talent, tunes and tales tied into one big, happy package and sent to viewers everywhere, courtesy of the beloved and masterful Andy Devine.

Andy's Gang is sponsored by the Brown Shoe Co. See local papers for time and station in your area.



You're Free! Lithe! And Beautiful . . . with Heavenly Comfort.

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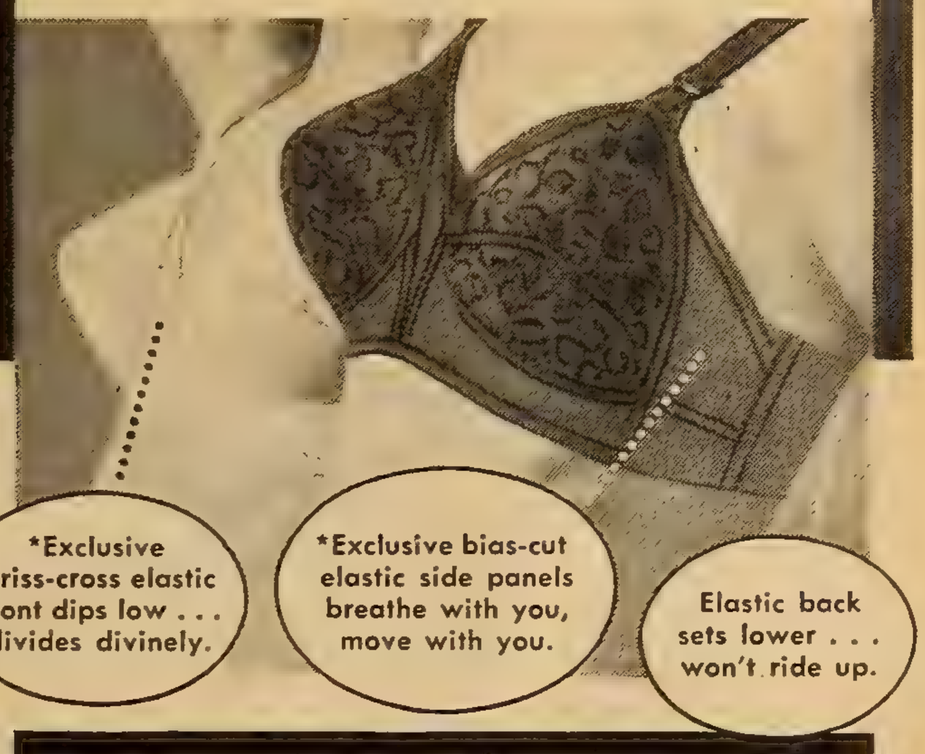
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Nylon and living elastic! You'll love the feel of it . . . the fit of it . . . the way it adjusts to your every movement. And its shape is forever . . . no matter how often laundered. Now in black *guaranteed not to run* . . . or in wonderfully washable white! All sizes and in-between sizes: 32A to 40C, $3.95. D-Cup (white only), $4.95. In the blue package at your favorite store. See the High Style Bra, too, in white "party pretty" cotton, $2.95.



NOW! Bewitching Black for Dark Fashions

Heavenly comfort in a bra designed for living.
No other bra has these fabulous fitting features.



*Exclusive criss-cross elastic front dips low . . . divides divinely.

*Exclusive bias-cut elastic side panels breathe with you, move with you.

Elastic back sets lower . . . won't ride up.

There's a Playtex® Girdle too . . . for every figure.



Light-Weight for wonderful control . $4.95
High Style for more control $5.95
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(*Continued from page 5*)

for graduate study in television-radio journalism at the University of Minnesota's School of Journalism. Sevareid, an alumnus of Minnesota, received the Alfred I. du Pont Award for distinguished news commentary a few months ago.

Philip Loeb, the well-known actor, passed away some weeks ago in New York, at the age of sixty-one. Loeb, in addition to his many stage and radio appearances, won wide acclaim for his portrayal of Jake "Papa" Goldberg, in the video version of *The Goldbergs.*

Johnny Desmond has landed the leading role in the forthcoming Broadway musical comedy, "The Amazing Adele," and also looks set, finally, for the movie on the life of the late Russ Columbo, "Prisoner of Love."

Liberace, who found gold in "them thar" piano keys, is starting a nation-wide group of music schools. He says he hopes to offer, through specially trained instructors, the best of regular piano teaching, blended with a bit of showmanship so that students can learn to entertain others if they wish. Well, he should be just the lad who knows the secret formula.

Songstress **Lu Ann Simms,** from Arthur Godfrey's shows, and her husband, Loring Buzzell, have welcomed their first baby, a girl whom they've named Cynthia Lee. She tipped the scales at seven pounds, seven ounces. No date has been set, at this writing, for Lu Ann's return to the Godfrey gang.

Margot Fonteyn, prima ballerina of the Sadler's Wells Ballet company, has been tabbed by NBC-TV for their big production of "The Sleeping Beauty," to be presented in December.

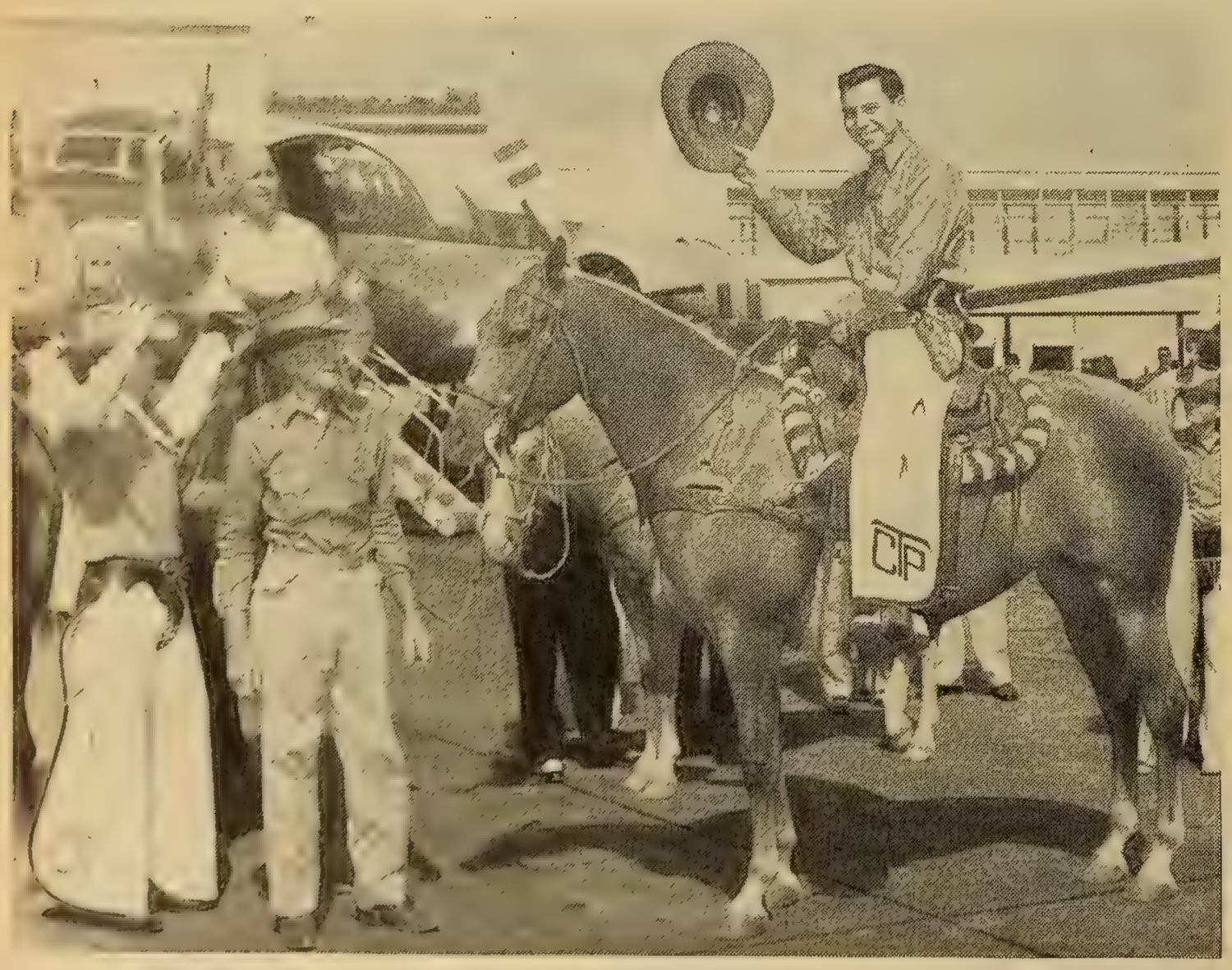
Howdy Doody graduates are doing all right for themselves these days. **Judy Tyler,** who was the Indian Princess on the show for so long, has been given one of the leads in the new Rodgers and Hammerstein Broadway musical comedy, "Pipe Dream." And **Bob Keeshan,** who played the clown, Clarabell, on *Howdy* from 1947 to 1952, is now the star of his own kiddie series on CBS-TV, *Captain Kangaroo.*

Sandy Stewart, the eighteen-year-old vocalist on *The Galen Drake Show,* will become a bride next month in Philadelphia, her home town. Sandy is marrying Saul Kane, a construction engineer, but plans to continue with her very promising singing career. The wedding is set for December 11.

Rin Tin Tin is going international. Radio Televisione Italiana and Radio Diffusion Francaise have each purchased telefilms from the popular adventure series, to be seen in Italy and France, respectively. The actors' voices will be dubbed in, with different sound tracks, in Italian and French, but this won't be necessary for Rin Tin Tin, who can bark in three languages, of course.



Emcee Hal March, still "batching it," may pop *The $64,000 Question.*



"Friday" joins the mounted? Actually, Jack Webb planed into Fort Worth, Texas, by United Air Lines—then was made a member of the Cow Town Posse.

Mulling The Mail:

To all those who wrote asking about the cast on *Search For Tomorrow:* **Mary Stuart,** who plays Joanne on the program, was only off the show during the time she was welcoming a new baby in real life. And, when she returned, there was a cast change. **Terry O'Sullivan,** who used to play Arthur Tate, left to join *Valiant Lady,* in a featured role. **Karl Weber** took over the part of Arthur. Hope this straightens everyone out. . . . **Farley Granger** Fans, St. Louis, Mo.: Farley doesn't appear on any regular television show, but he will be the star on the *U. S. Steel Hour* production of "Incident in an Alley," on Wednesday night, November 23. . . . Mrs. J. C., Cleveland, O.: **Orson Welles** and CBS didn't get together at the last minute on Welles' proposed contract, so it looks like he won't be seen this season on American TV. He is still in Europe. . . . Miss H. V., Louisville, Ky.: **Joan Caulfield** gave up her co-starring role on *My Favorite Husband* and was replaced by **Vanessa Brown.** Joan and **Barry Nelson,** her leading man, didn't see eye to eye and Joan also wanted to be free to do a movie this fall. . . . Miss K. R., New Haven, Conn.: **Pat Boone,** the singer you heard on Arthur Godfrey's show, is twenty-one years old, and a divinity student at Denton, Texas. He became known through his sudden record hit, "Ain't That a Shame!" . . . Mrs. S.T.J., Savannah, Ga.: **Sammy Davis, Jr.** is set to star in the New York stage production of "Mr. Wonderful," which is being specially written for him. "The Bill Robinson Story" you refer to is the life story

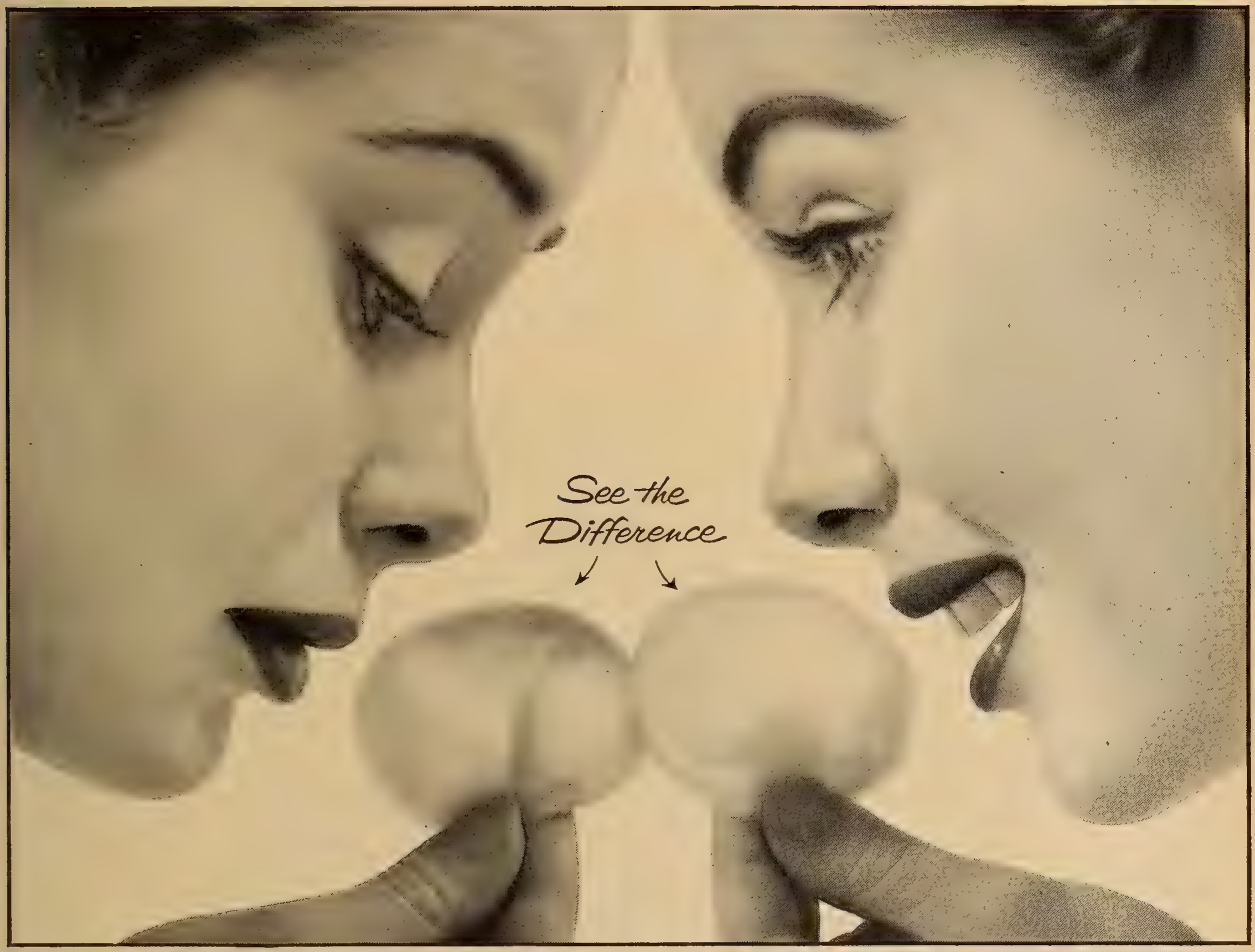
(*Continued on page 24*)

Doctors Prove a One-Minute Massage with

PALMOLIVE SOAP CAN GIVE YOU A

Cleaner, Fresher Complexion Today!

GETS HIDDEN DIRT THAT ORDINARY CLEANSING METHODS MISS!



Dirt left on face after ordinary cleansing!

1. *Rub your face hard with a cotton pad after ordinary casual cleansing with any soap or cold cream. You'll see that you didn't remove deep-down dirt and make-up. "Ordinary-clean" is just superficially clean!*

Beautifully clean after 60-second Palmolive facial!

2. *Rub your face the same way after 60-second massage with Palmolive. Pad is still snowy-white! "Palmolive-clean" is deep-down clean. Your skin is free of clinging dirt that casual cleansing misses.*

Only a Soap This Mild

CAN WORK SO THOROUGHLY YET SO GENTLY! PALMOLIVE BEAUTY CARE CLEANS CLEANER, CLEANS DEEPER, WITHOUT IRRITATION!

Doctors have proved that Palmolive beauty care *can* give you a cleaner, fresher complexion the very first time you use it! That's because Palmolive care gets your skin *deep-down* clean by removing the hidden, clinging dirt that casual methods miss.

Here's the easy method: Just massage your face with Palmolive's rich, gentle lather for 60 seconds, morning and night. Rinse and pat dry. It's that simple! But remember . . . only a soap that is *truly* mild can cleanse thoroughly without leaving your face feeling drawn and uncomfortable. That's why Palmolive's mildness is so important to you. Try mild Palmolive Soap today for new complexion beauty!

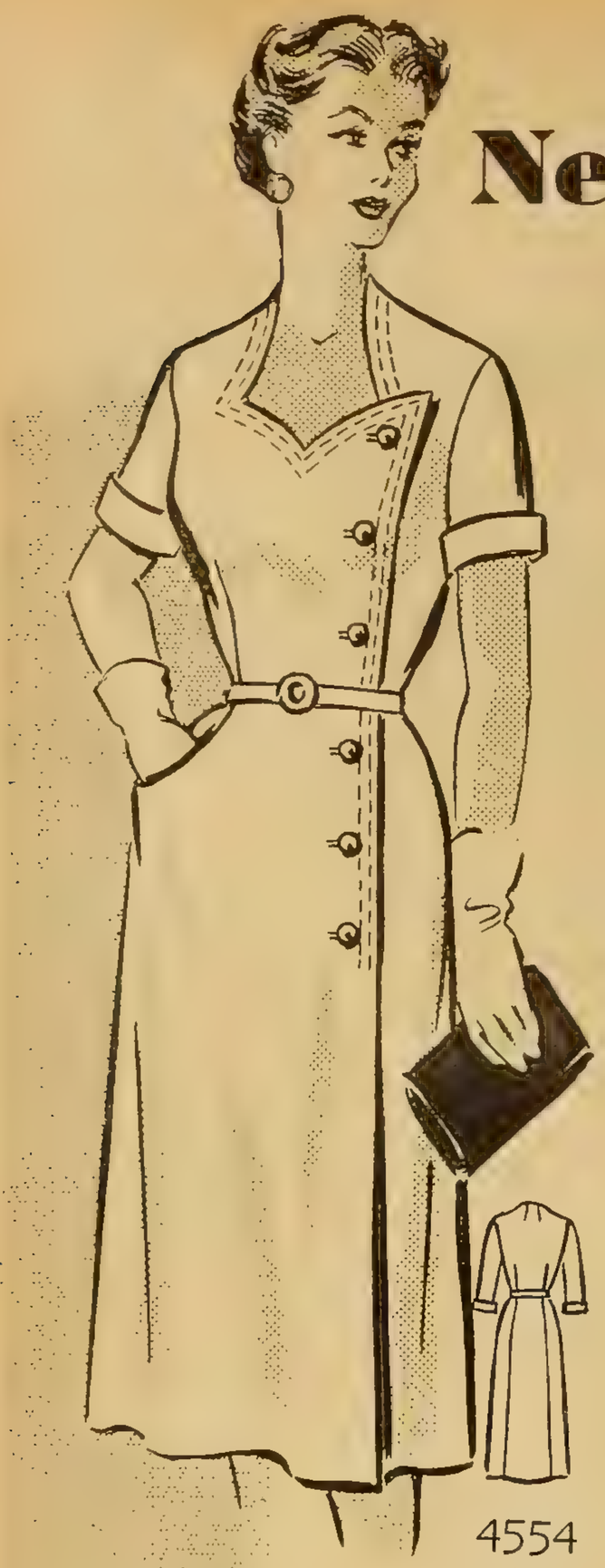


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DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

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4554—Half Sizers: Sew this pretty step-in style, designed to whittle the inches away. Half Sizes 14½-24½. Size 16½ takes 4⅛ yards 35-inch fabric. 35¢

4898—The more you wear this two-piecer the more you'll love it. Accent is on the nipped-in waist. Misses' Sizes 10-20. Size 16 takes 3½ yards 45-inch fabric; ¼ yard 35-inch contrast. 35¢

4804—Wear this versatile cover-up as a smart sports jerkin or a cotton cover-up for chore-time. "Pansy" pocket—cute trim. Misses' Sizes 12-20. Size 16 takes 1⅞ yards 35-in; ¼ yard contrast. Transfer. 35¢

4898
SIZES
10 — 20

4804
SIZES
12—20

Send *thirty-five cents* (in coins) for *each* pattern to: TV Radio Mirror, Pattern Department, P.O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, New York. Add *five cents* for *each* pattern for first-class mailing.

Information Booth

(*Continued from page* 11)

Daddy's Girl

I would like some information on Sherry Jackson, who plays daughter Terry in *The Danny Thomas Show* on ABC-TV. Where can I write for a picture of her? *C.K., Sioux City, Iowa*

Sherry Jackson, her two brothers and her parents arrived in Hollywood in 1943, where her father went to work as a carpenter, and her mother went to work trying to get her children into the movies. Mrs. Jackson had been an actress in Kansas City and had been coaching Sharon—or Sherry—and her brothers since they could talk. . . . Eventually, all three emoted before the movie cameras, but Sherry made her first impression on the driver of a sightseeing bus, an ex-actor who noticed her and her mother at a drive-in. He gave Mrs. Jackson an agent's address and Sherry was given a screen test. The test flopped, thanks to a case of chicken pox. But, after her recovery, Sherry won a role in "You're My Everything." . . . At 13, Sherry has more than thirty pictures to her credit, including "The Breaking Point," "The Great Caruso," "Trouble Along the Way," and "Miracle of Fatima." She's also a television veteran and, aside from her continuing role as Danny Thomas' daughter, she has appeared on such shows as *Fireside Theater*, *Private Secretary*, *Lux Video Theater*, *Toast Of The Town*, and the Gene Autry, Roy Rogers and *Range Rider* shows. . . . Aside from her regular schooling, Sherry takes music, singing and dancing lessons. Her dancing teacher thinks she has the makings of a prima ballerina. Sherry likes the idea, but keeps up with her tap routines as well. . . . You can write to Sherry Jackson, c/o *The Danny Thomas Show*, ABC-TV, Television Center, Hollywood, Calif.

Calling All Fans

The following clubs invite new members. If you are interested in joining, write to the address below—and *not* to TV Radio Mirror.

Patti Page Fan Club, c/o Barbara L. Weinberg, 42 Fabyan St., Dorchester, Mass.

Liberace Candelabras, c/o Phyllis A. De Santo, 2124 W. Cambria St., Philadelphia 32, Pa.

Charlie Applewhite Fan Club, c/o Sue Maloney, 109 Moschel St., East Peoria, Ill.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, TV Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer, if we can, provided your question is of general interest. Answers will appear in this column—but be sure to attach this box to your letter, and specify whether your question concerns radio or TV.

New lanolin shampoo adds rich sparkle

...can't dry hair!

Get ready for the softest, silkiest, most sparkly hair of your life! For the instant this new double-rich lanolin shampoo goes into action, it starts enriching your hair with a beauty you have never witnessed before!



What manageability! What a joy to set! Instead of after-shampoo dryness, you discover a new dream-like softness that only this "twice-as-rich" lanolin shampoo can bring! Your waves ripple into place . . . luscious deep waves . . . softer, lovelier than you ever hoped they'd be!



You'll *enjoy* the great clouds of fleecy lather you get with this new double-rich lanolin shampoo. Wonderful feeling, luxurious lather that feels twice as rich, and *is* twice as rich. *Busy* lather that actually *polishes* your hair—brilliantly. A sensational new Helene Curtis beauty discovery!



When your hair sparkles, *you* do! Make your hair your *loveliest* feature . . . soft as summer clouds and shimmering like satin in moonlight—with this new shampoo miracle—Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo. Sounds wonderful? It is! Try it and you'll agree. 29¢, 59¢ and $1, everywhere!



Personable Herb Sheldon has himself a wonderful time as he delights youngsters and grownups on his WRCA-TV shows, because he's

Doing What



Herb's popular sidekicks, Egbert and Ummly, always have lots to talk about, but Herb keeps mum as to how he handles their voices. Below, being deluged with mail has become commonplace for Herb, but he always takes it seriously—and a bit wearily, at times.



THE familiar song, "All day long I dream of you, morning, noon and night-time, too," is not the theme song of popular Herb Sheldon's three WRCA-TV shows in New York—but it should be, for that's just the way Herb feels about his audience. And the feeling is mutual.

Each weekday morning at 9, Herb presents something for the whole family on *The Herb Sheldon Show With Josephine McCarthy.* For the youngsters, there are cartoons, music and chats with Egbert the bookworm and Ummly the steam shovel. Treats for the grownups include Josie McCarthy's cooking hints and interviews with outstanding guests.

On Saturdays, Herb gears his 7-to-9 A.M. show for youngtimers and, in addition to entertaining them, advises them on good living habits.

The most unusual of Herb's three shows is his daily 1 P.M. offering, *One Is For Sheldon.* Telecast from a rooftop in Manhattan, the program features special events, such as parades, antique auto displays, plus other oddities which cannot be shown from a regular studio. And, as with the mailman, no kind of inclement weather keeps Herb from his appointed rounds.

Herb's tremendous popularity, especially with children, has been "a puzzlement" to his many would-be imitators. But to Herb the answer is simple—and natural. "Children don't like to be kidded too much," says the man who knows, "and most of them resent the 'itchy-kitchy, boysie-girlsie' approach. In order to make children believe and trust in you," Herb continues, "you must be absolutely sincere with them. They judge whether or not they like you just by looking at you. Not that you have to be handsome . . . but there's a certain intuitiveness about them, and you just can't fool them. Next, it's your personality that wins their approval. You shouldn't try to force them. Instead, get them interested so they will *want* to do it."

Because Herb's formula works so well with other people's children, many folks wonder if it holds true with his own children—Lynda, 15, Amy, 9, Randy, 7, and Guy, 2. Herb greets that query with his familiar twinkling smile. Although his youngsters take Herb's TV fame pretty much for granted now—"Trouble is, they're used to me"—they know who's boss. Herb jokes about his lovely wife, Rosa—whom he calls Toots—making the children obey her. "She doesn't have to say, 'Wait till your father gets home,'" Herb grins. "She just points to the TV set and says, 'Now listen to what your father is saying.'"

The Sheldons live in a beautiful, split-level home on Long Island, where they have plenty of room to move around. Herb is a firm believer in families acting

Comes Naturally



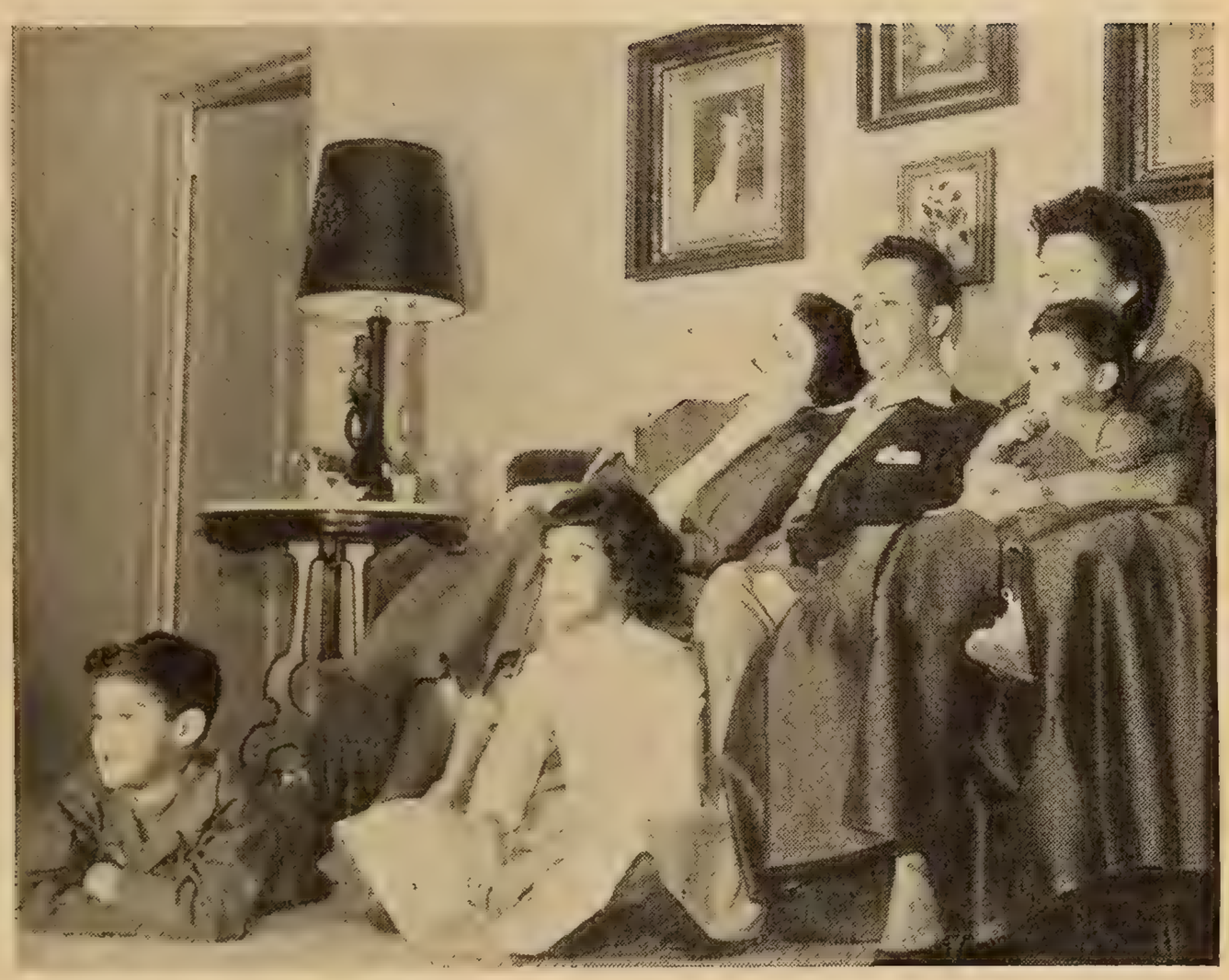
Herb started a fad for what he calls "Ricky-Ticky" when he introduced the old-time player piano on his shows.

as a group. An example of this occurred last summer when Herb bought a 39-foot cabin cruiser. Now, whenever time and weather permit, the whole Sheldon clan can be found "at sea."

Off-camera, Herb also devotes a good deal of his time to personal appearances. These, too, he finds rewarding, because everywhere he goes, grownups stop to tell him how much they and their children enjoy his shows. "You discover how many people have children that you never knew about before," he enthuses, "and it's wonderful."

The success Herb enjoys today is a far cry from his teen-age days when the Brooklyn-born lad wavered between a show-business career and granting his father's wish that he be a businessman. Finally, in the late Thirties, Herb settled on show business. On radio, he was a disc jockey, announcer, program and production manager, director and producer. Then, in 1948, he was given his own show at NBC, where he has been ever since.

As for his future, Herb has only one hope—that WRCA-TV doesn't institute an all-night show. Because, if they do, they'll undoubtedly make room for another Herb Sheldon show — probably around 4 A.M. But, knowing Herb and how he loves to entertain, he wouldn't refuse. He would have to do what comes naturally to him—that which his viewers of all ages have always enjoyed, and welcomed—any time of day or night.



Whether at home or "at sea"—aboard his cabin cruiser *Festival*—Herb is definitely a family man. Above, he and his wife "Toots" are happily surrounded by Lynda and Guy and, in front, Randy and Amy. Below, the family prepares for a cruise in Long Island Sound.





Daytime Diary

All programs are heard Monday through Friday; consult local papers for time and station.

BACKSTAGE WIFE The mysterious, sinister Madame Moleska almost succeeded in completing the ruin of Mary and Larry Noble's marriage, already threatened by Larry's attachment to actress Elise Shephard. For, as Larry came under the phony fortune-teller's influence, he was persuaded to doubt his wife in such a serious way that Mary is finding it hard to reestablish confidence and security in their love. Will she find comfort in a stranger? CBS Radio.

THE BRIGHTER DAY Reverend Richard Dennis senses the deep disturbance between Lydia Harrick and her brother-in-law Donald, but will he realize, in time to help Lydia, the terrible bondage under which Donald has managed to hold her? Can he free her for happiness with Max Canfield—and at the same time free Donald from his own perverse, twisted motivation? Or will he be too late to win for Lydia and Max the happiness they both deserve? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

FIRST LOVE Ever since she married Zach, Laurie has known that the key to his difficult, overly-independent personality lies in the past when he was deserted by his father. What happens when the long-silent father suddenly reappears, charming and plausible, just as Laurie learns she is pregnant? Can he in any way affect the threat of tragedy which the doctor has told Zach hangs over Laurie's head? NBC-TV.

THE GUIDING LIGHT Dr. Dick Grant's return to Los Angeles signals many changes—new hope in Kathy's heart despite what she knows about Marie Wallace; the dawn of hope for Marie although she won't admit she loves Dick; and for Dick, perhaps the only thing he really cares about at the moment—the new start in surgery. Meanwhile, the Bauer home is torn by a mother-in-law problem. Will young Mike settle it in his own way? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

LOVE OF LIFE Vanessa Raven is torn by doubt as she realizes that the disturbed child, Carol, whom she now really wants to adopt, will aggravate every family problem that now faces her—Paul's new law practice, her sister Meg's difficulties, her own position as Paul's wife. What is behind Hal Craig's emotion over the locket Carol took and then gave back . . . and how will it affect his relationship with Meg? CBS-TV.

MA PERKINS If it is true that people reveal their innermost selves in periods of greatest strain, perhaps Gladys is right to doubt the value of her marriage to Joe. For, during the awful days of their baby's disappearance, even Ma found herself critical of Joe's behavior. Will any of the family ever really know why he acted as he did? What effect will the odd combination of good and evil that is Jimmy Snyder have on Gladys' future? CBS Radio.

ONE MAN'S FAMILY As the Barbour family matures, adding unto itself children, in-laws and grandchildren, it becomes apparent that there is no stage of family life at which it is possible for the elders to lean back and say with satisfaction, "Now the problem days are behind us and we can just relax." For as each generation repeats and elaborates on the problems of the last, life becomes more complicated for the Barbours. NBC Radio.

OUR GAL SUNDAY Lord Henry Brinthrope's family has never thought Sunday a suitable wife, despite their many years of happiness. Now that his Aunt Sarah Thornton has realized his attachment to Leonora Dawson, the girl he almost married years ago in England, she is ready to take every advantage of it to undermine Sunday's position as Lady Brinthrope. Can Sunday fight Sarah's vindictiveness and Leonora's ambition? CBS Radio.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY The pretty, young singer who becomes so attached to Carter Trent while he is in New York is half aware that she is piling up heartbreak for herself, though it is a long time before she learns the truth about Carter's flight to New York and the family he left behind. Can Carter himself forget them in the excitement of living a completely new life? How would his wife Peggy face that if she had to? NBC Radio.

PERRY MASON Eve Merriweather's neurotic personality was well judged by Edward Bailey when he enlisted her to help destroy Sam Merriweather and get control of the Merriweather holdings. But after Sid Kenyon's death, Eve is no longer so easy to manage. Has Bailey placed too much faith in a weak link in his devilish chain—the chain to which Perry Mason, trying to protect Sam and Lois Monahan, has already picked up so many clues? CBS Radio.

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS Carolyn finds her life completely changed as she tries to adjust to Miles' death—and to the doubtful benefit of Sherry Wayne's money. Will young Skip resent her decision regarding the money? Will Carolyn herself begin to doubt the wisdom of her renunciation? Or will support come from a most unexpected source—support and the possibility of a new, complete life once again? NBC Radio.

THE ROAD OF LIFE The terrible force of Sibyl Overton Fuller's personality—and the power of her father's money—have kept her out of serious trouble so far, but everyone associated with Sibyl realizes that she has long been on the verge of complete mental breakdown. Will Randy

(*Continued on page* 85)

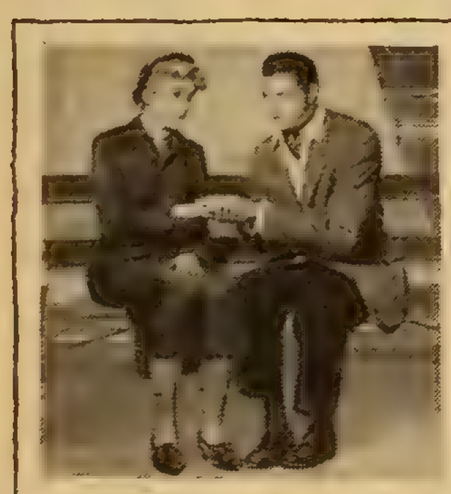
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"SINCERELY YOURS"

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The wonderful story of a pianist who brings a crescendo of romance and joy and faith into a number of empty lives... including his own...

Liberace plays everything from Chopin to 'Chopsticks'— and his own new hit 'Sincerely Yours' *(lyrics by Paul Francis Webster)*



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WITH WILLIAM DEMAREST · LORI NELSON · LURENE TUTTLE · Screen Play by IRVING WALLACE
Produced by HENRY BLANKE · Music Advisor George Liberace
An INTERNATIONAL ARTISTS Ltd. Production
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TVR



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Have you tried Helene Curtis SPRAY NET?

Nothing in the world holds hair so softly, naturally in place all day long. Only Helene Curtis SPRAY NET contains spray-on Lanolin Lotion—can't stiffen or dry your hair, never *never* leaves it sticky.

Smart girls never go outdoors without Helene Curtis SPRAY NET. Or, if they do, they're on their way to get a fresh supply. You'll find it wherever cosmetics are sold.

Used and recommended by professional beauticians everywhere.

TWO FABULOUS FORMULAS:

SUPER SOFT, without lacquer, for gentle control . . . REGULAR, for more elaborate styles, harder-to-manage hair.

THREE SIZES:

New 69¢ size, Large $1.25, Giant $1.89

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NEW 69¢ SIZE

Now you can try SPRAY NET for only 69¢! Perfect for purse, travel, office desk, bathroom cabinet.

Why set pin curls every night? SPRAY NET makes them last for days!

Just roll them up. Spray. In *minutes*, your pin curls are set . . . softly . . . and they'll last for days.

WHAT'S NEW FROM

(*Continued from page* 16)

of the late Negro dancer, which **Frank Sinatra** plans to produce as a movie under his new independent set-up, and in which Sinatra would like to have Sammy as the star. . . . Mrs. B. W., Visalia, Calif.: **Butch Brown,** the youngster who leads the *Mickey Mouse Club* jazz combination on ABC-TV, is the son of the bandleader, **Les Brown.** . . . Mr. and Mrs. F. O'D., Chicago, Ill.: Sorry I can't tell you exactly why the proposed **Louella Parsons** filmed TV show was cancelled at the last minute. All the sponsor would say was, "for a variety of reasons.". . . So many letters about the popular *Ethel And Albert* show, and the answer should please the loyal fans of this program: *Ethel And Albert* started October 14, in a regular Friday-night spot over ABC-TV, replacing *The Name's The Same,* which has been dropped by the sponsor, Ralston.

What Ever Happened To . . . ?

Kenny Sargent, who was the star vocalist with the popular Casa Loma Orchestra, often heard on network remote broadcasts and on records several years ago? Kenny is living and working in Dallas, Texas, and recently celebrated his third anniversary as a disc jockey with Station KLIF there.

Bette Chappel, the cute singer who appeared on the *Garroway At Large* television show, originating in Chicago, a few seasons back? When Garroway and crew moved to New York, Bette remained in the Windy City and did considerable night-club work there, and also worked on local TV shows. Recently she was a special guest in New York on **Julius La Rosa's** program.

Joe Bier, the farm editor, who was



Johnny Desmond sings on Broadway, then plays Russ Columbo on film.



Host Allyn Edwards serves top fare on ABC-TV's *Famous Film Festival.*

heard on Station WOR and the Mutual network for many years? Bier retired in September, after having done his 5:30 A.M. program since 1939. He was a true radio veteran and started broadcasting in 1921 as a member of the old Premiere Male Quartet. **Will Peigelbeck** has taken over Bier's farm program.

John Newland, the outstanding dramatic actor, who starred in many top TV productions? This past summer Newland did considerable work in summer stock, and then was signed as a director for this season's *Robert Montgomery Presents* shows. Whenever time permits, Newland hopes to switch back to greasepaint for an occasional role, but it looks like the megaphone will get first call on his talents from now on.

Tommy Bartlett, who used to host *Welcome Travelers?* When *Welcome Travelers* moved from Chicago to New York, Tommy, who hadn't had a vacation in twenty-six years, decided to take a year off. He spends most of his time at his International Deer Ranch in Silver Springs, Florida, and cordially invites all his friends to drop in.

If you have a question about one of your favorite people or programs, or wonder what has happened to someone on radio or television, drop me a line: Miss Jill Warren, TV RADIO MIRROR *Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y., and I'll try my best to find out for you and put the information in this column. Unfortunately, we don't have space to answer all questions, so I try to cover those personalities and shows about whom I receive the most inquiries. Sorry, no personal answers, so kindly do not enclose stamped envelopes or postage, as they cannot be returned.*

New 100% Non-Alkaline
PALMOLIVE *Soft* SHAMPOO

Removes ALKALINE FILM that clouds hair beauty!

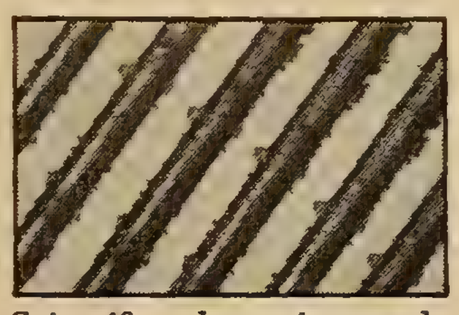


Gentles your hair as it cleans and sheens!
Leaves it more obedient, easier to set!
Will not dry or devitalize!

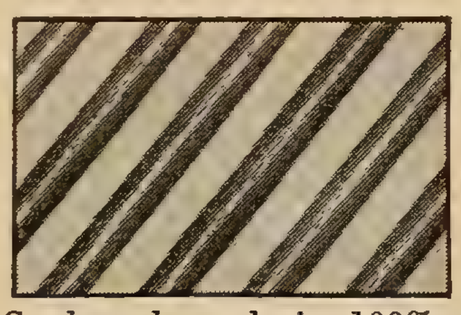
You may never have seen the true beauty of your hair until you try new Palmolive *Soft* Shampoo. For this new 100% non-alkaline shampoo *gentles* your hair. *Sheens* it to its natural loveliness. *Softens* it so curls set easier . . . and stay set longer.

New Palmolive *Soft* Shampoo contains no harsh, drying, devitalizing chemicals . . . no sticky oils . . . no dulling alkali. And its exclusive 100% non-alkaline formula agrees with the natural, healthy, non-alkaline condition of your scalp and hair.

So remove alkaline film that clouds hair beauty with new—and oh, so gentle—Palmolive *Soft* Shampoo.



Scientific photomicrograph shows how a film of alkaline dust, dirt, smog can coat each hair . . . dull the luster and color . . . make hair limp so curls just won't stay set.



See how the exclusive 100% non-alkaline formula of Palmolive *Soft* Shampoo removes alkaline film. Leaves more luster, natural color! Curls set easier, last longer.

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12 OZ.–89¢
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PALMOLIVE *Soft* SHAMPOO
Lets Hair Behave and Hold a Wave

WMUR-TV viewers have happily discovered that, when Gerry Kearney opens the doors of his Guest House:

Anything Goes



Strumming, singing or just talking, Gerry makes his *Guest House* as warm and welcoming as the home he shares with Virginia and Gerry, Donald and Paul.





Gerry has an eye for such talent as dancer Sally Zyla.

GERRY KEARNEY sings in what he describes as a "strictly-from-Dixie-how-have-you-been" voice. This, however, doesn't keep him from serenading Station WMUR viewers in Manchester, New Hampshire, every weekday afternoon at 5:30 with "We have music, we have news . . . We have the weather and people's views . . ." and ending up on the happy note which is his invitation to visit *Guest House*. . . . Gerry means every word of the theme song he wrote himself. His evening entertainment hour includes songs, dances, skits and instrumentals by amateurs, semi-pros and professionals; interviews with people from all walks of life; and a song or two, self-accompanied on guitar or banjo, plus uncounted words from Gerry. . . . When Gerry first threw open the doors to *Guest House*, he felt like "a lamb thrown to the lions." Behind him was a solid background in stock companies, vaudeville, night clubs, the orchestra business, and twelve years as a singer and announcer on Station WFEA. But a nightly hour on TV was still a challenging assignment. . . . Gerry feels easier about it, now that viewers have taken to stopping him on the street to say, "I wouldn't miss your show for the world. It's corny, but you're so easygoing about the whole thing. And we never know what we're going to see or what's going to happen." . . . This last bit of philosophy, now propounded on his TV show, first occurred to Gerry when he was seven years old and went unsuspectingly to the movies to watch a cowboy "thriller." The projector broke down and the management tried to stave off bedlam by asking for volunteers in an impromptu amateur hour. Gerry calmly rendered a little poem, complete with suitable gestures, and was committed to show business from that moment on. . . . Currently, in addition to *Guest House*, Gerry also handles staff announcing chores at WMUR-TV. But this still leaves plenty of happy hours to spend at the Kearneys' modest two-apartment cottage in the center of Manchester. Gerry and his wife Virginia have three sons. Gerry, 16, is a six-footer and plays varsity basketball at Bishop Bradley High; Paul, 14, also plays basketball and is a record collector; Donald, 6, has just started grammar school. Gerry's widowed mother completes the family circle. Close friends of the family include the countless WMUR viewers whom Gerry Kearney invites into the pleasant, informal living room at *Guest House*.

JEANMAIRE, CO-STARRING IN PARAMOUNT'S "ANYTHING GOES."
IN VISTAVISION. COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR



you haven't lived until you've known # EVENING IN PARIS

says JEANMAIRE, captivating French premiere ballerina.
More French women wear Evening in Paris than any other perfume (and the French really know!). It is one of the world's great perfumes . . . and the most wanted for Christmas. See many gala new gifts from $1 to $25.



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Slide-Top Set with cologne, talc, cologne stick, purse perfume **3.50**



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Jewel Box, lined and mirrored. With 6 fragrant accessories **8.50**

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YOUNG AMERICA HAS IT...

YOU CAN HAVE IT IN 7 DAYS!

It's easy to see . . . That Ivory Look sets up a girl—at *any* age! For it's true—the *milder* your beauty soap, the prettier your skin! And pure, mild Ivory is the soap more doctors advise for baby's skin—and yours—than *any* other soap!



Seeing is believing . . . and That Ivory Look shows up in your mirror in 7 short days! A simple change to *regular care* with baby's pure, mild Ivory will leave your skin looking fresher and finer . . . just altogether *prettier!*

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It's like getting one FREE! 4 cakes of Personal Size Ivory cost about the same as 3 cakes of other leading toilet soaps. It all adds up . . .

PERSONAL SIZE IVORY IS YOUR BEST BEAUTY BUY!

What Romance Means to Me



See Next Page

What Romance Means to Me

By LIBERACE
as told to Bud Goode

Music's most eligible bachelor speaks frankly of the qualities he seeks in his "ideal woman"



Liberace and his brother George serenaded sister Angie, when she became Tom Farrell's bride . . . and "Lee" recalled again how much each marriage meant to his close-knit family.

I KNOW from experience that people sense a certain loneliness in my life. After every concert, I talk with people whose eyes reflect a gentle kindness—and frequently they make their feelings known in their goodbyes by saying, "Take care of yourself now, Lee, and God bless you."

I don't have to be told that nothing takes the place of a wife and marriage. It's true. I know it. Marriage is the biggest thing in our lives. From the time we enter high school, it's the one thing we point toward.

But, while everyone else in my high-school class was out dating, I was already playing the piano professionally. And, while they were getting married in their early twenties, I was playing before presidents.

The excitement and complexities of my work have minimized, for me, what to my friends is the most dramatic moment of their lives. I can't deny that, without marriage, there is an empty spot in my life.

If I were to marry, what qualities would I look for in a mate? That is a difficult question to answer because, like everyone, I'm looking for perfection. In fact, that is one of my big problems

"Lee" found that his movie romance with Dorothy Malone—in Warner Bros.' film, "Sincerely Yours"—came very close to his own experience in real life.



Guild Films' *Liberace Show* (TV) and *Liberace Radio Show* are seen or heard throughout the United States and Canada. See local papers for time and station.

Marriage: "The girl I would choose must be accepted by my friends and family. . . . My sister Angie feels the same way. Before her wedding, she was most anxious that we would all like her prospective husband and accept him into our hearts."

—in everything I do or have, I am always seeking perfection. Whenever something goes wrong, if one key is flat on the piano, if I strike a wrong note, I am quick to be discouraged.

That is why it has always been so difficult for me to find someone to share my life with. It's almost impossible to find perfection in people. I know I'm not perfect, so why should I expect perfection in others? Yet I do. I still search for it.

Intellectually, I look for someone who can carry on a conversation with everyone from plumbers to presidents. She doesn't have to stand up on a stage and deliver an address, but she should have a smattering of knowledge in many areas, not necessarily just in the subjects I'm interested in.

From a personality standpoint, I'm most attracted to a girl who is charming, pleasant, polite—in short, a girl who loves people. In my work I am constantly surrounded by people—audiences, backstage visitors, friends. If I were to choose a girl, she would not only have to feel at home with many people but she should also enjoy, as I do, meeting and talking and shaking hands with sometimes hundreds in a day or even an hour. She should be genuine and sincere in this feeling, too, not just play-acting (*Continued on page* 82)



Career: "I found that the girls I knew did not want to compete with the piano. . . . Even more important—they had to share my feelings with hundreds of people. They resented it."

JUST NATURALLY

Jan





By
MARTIN
COHEN

Everybody knows why we love the first of all the

Little Godfreys . . . everybody but Janette Davis herself



When not actually on the show with Godfrey (opposite page), Jan gives many of her so-called leisure moments to her waiting fans.

JANETTE DAVIS is a beautiful "brunette" with a "blonde" personality. Maybe like Garbo, for instance. Maybe. There is one big difference, however—although she is reserved, Jan isn't stand-offish and cold. You might guess that she's shy, but that's wrong, too. What prompts this thought is that, of all the major entertainers in TV and radio, there is no one who gets less publicity than Jan, and there is probably no other person who cares less. Jan herself is to blame, for she is no publicity hound.

This will give you an idea. A few years back her dentist asked for and got an autographed picture of the auburn-haired songbird of the Arthur Godfrey programs on CBS Radio and CBS-TV. He hung it in his office along with pictures of other celebrities whose mouths he was drilling and filling. Then, one day recently, a friend of Jan's who uses the same chop-and-chisel man said, "Jan, you ought to give the dentist a new picture with an up-to-date hairdo."

Instead of agreeing, Jan asked, "Will you do me a favor? Next time you're in his office, will you please take the picture off the wall?"

"Why?" the friend asked.

"I think it's kind of brassy," Jan said. "It's as if I were a big-shot."

That's Jan. Always belittling herself. She doesn't rudely poke her finger into the eyes of magazine writers, but she manages to avoid them. Is this one of the rare articles about Janette Davis? It is. Do people misunderstand her? They do.

In the first place, there's no misconstruing Jan's looks. She blooms. She is petite (not quite five-feet-four). Her hair is auburn and she now has it styled in one of those pizza-type bobs. Her eyes, ears, teeth,

See Next Page ⟶

JUST NATURALLY

Jan

(Continued)



Jan's encouragement means a lot to *Talent Scouts* winners facing the morning-show audiences. Above, Danny Costello.



Glamour doesn't interest Jan, even when making up for the all-seeing TV camera. Utterly lacking in pretense, she prefers casual clothes, does her own hair and nails.

Janette Davis sings on *Arthur Godfrey Time*, CBS Radio, M-F, 10 A.M., and CBS-TV, M-Th, 10:30 A.M., under multiple sponsorship —*Arthur Godfrey And His Friends*, CBS-TV, Wed., 8 P.M. sponsored by The Toni Company, CBS-Columbia, Pillsbury Mills, and the Kellogg Company—and *Arthur Godfrey's Digest*, CBS Radio, Thurs., 8:30 P.M., under multiple sponsorship. *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts* is simulcast on CBS-TV and CBS Radio, Mon., 8:30 P.M., sponsored by Thomas J. Lipton, Inc. and Toni. (All EST)

arms and so on, are nicely shaped and properly matched, so that the total effect is as pleasant as a winter day in Florida.

Personality-wise, she is soft-spoken. She is not pushy. Many performers arrive at a party like gangbusters and the siren never stops screaming. Jan, quiet and interested, usually keeps off-stage and watches. "Maybe when the party peters out," a friend relates, "when we're down to a few friends, Jan goes to the piano and plays some of the old standards and, boy, she really gets her teeth into them."

In show business, Jan is no Jenny-come-lately. In nearly twenty years (starting as a child) she has sung with bands, and she has sung on network shows with Red Skelton, Don McNeill, Garry Moore. In Cincinnati, Shreveport, Cleveland and Chicago, she had her own radio shows. She had a network program before she joined Arthur Godfrey. So Jan's most valuable possession is her experience and know-how. This she generously shares with others.

Winners of Arthur's *Talent Scouts* programs usually join the Godfrey family for a week on the morning program. They are naturally in awe of the regular cast. Jan, always kindly, goes out of her way to make them feel at ease and like one of the family. Said one observer, "I saw Jan knocking herself out for a very beautiful young singer. The gal was good and gained the confidence to be even better, because of Jan's friendly interest. Now, I'll tell you, if Jan had been like some other singers, she would have been concerned only with herself."

During rehearsal, Arthur often calls on Jan for her opinion of a bit in the show. She usually has one, and it is always backed up with constructive criticism. She always tries to lend a hand to newcomers on the show, and often says: "Your originality is your most precious asset. Don't trade it for an imitation of someone else."

Jan is the first of the Little Godfreys. She joined Arthur ten years ago, when he first put his radio pro-



Always a little surprised by the devotion she inspires, Jan appreciates her fans' loyalty, thinks Grace Manfredo —a Janette Davis Club pioneer—is one of the greatest.



Making music is the most natural thing in her world. A quiet onlooker during parties, she may drift to the piano later on, playing just for fun—and a few lucky friends.

gram together, and the show—now on radio and TV—has become the biggest part of her life. She has turned down any number of engagements at night clubs. The 500 Club in Atlantic City, where entertainers of the stature of Durante and Martin and Lewis play, makes no bones of the fact that they have tried unsuccessfully to get Jan for a couple of weeks, or just one week—or even for a weekend.

"The Godfrey shows are tops in my opinion and I couldn't do better," Jan says. "My work consumes most of my time and energy. And, quite frankly, I don't think I'm capable of doing more."

Jan's fans have a lot to say about her courtesy and warmth. She extends herself more than most entertainers. All entertainers work under pressure. They sign autographs—but, after that, it's apt to be the polite brush-off. Jan is one in a thousand. She stops on the sidewalk and chats. Almost every morning at eleven-thirty, she takes a thirty-minute break. Jan spends part of that time with fans—answering questions, signing autographs, letting them take pictures. A friend who has watched her do this day after day once asked Jan, after she had been subjected to some silly questions, why she didn't blow her top?

"It's not silly to them," she answered simply. "It's important to them, and I need and appreciate their interest."

One elderly man has been turning up at the studio door for nearly five years. He cherishes Jan and offers prayers for her at his church. Jan always stops to say hello. She was impatient with him just once—and that was during bad weather, when she asked, "Now why in the world are you standing out in this chill?"

"I just wanted to see you," he answered. There was nothing to say, after *that*.

Another of Jan's fans and friends, Grace Manfredo, has always been devoted to her—from the age of fifteen on. She had put out an elaborate (*Continued on page* 81)



Between rehearsals, Jan shares a brief coffee break at Colbee's with Maxie Kendrick, music publishers' contact man—and husband of her close friend, Dottie Kendrick.



Wife Virginia knew James Arness was marked for future greatness—even when he didn't have a dime for an ice-cream cone, in their "courting days."



Two against one is a very uneven match between 6-foot-6 Jim and his boys. But Craig is happily sure he's quicker on the draw than "the marshal."

He'll always be grateful

Jim Arness, of TV's Gunsmoke, is a hero to his wife, too— and she's his greatest heroine

By ERNST JACOBI

LAST SUMMER, when a visitor asked eight-year-old Craig Arness the inevitable question as to what he was going to be when he grew up, the boy replied without the slightest hesitation, "An actor like my dad. You have a lot of fun, make good money and hardly ever work."

James Arness, Craig's father, had just spent a couple of months loafing at the beach near their home. Before that, he'd been on location in the Bahamas making a picture for Republic, returning tanned, fit and glowing. And his two previous pictures, "The Sea Chase" and "Hondo," both with John Wayne and made at a leisurely pace with long, pleasant intervals between them, had been fun, too. Though he wasn't getting rich, he was making a very comfortable living and, at this point in Jim Arness's career, Craig's analysis of his father's occupation seemed correct.

What the boy didn't know (*Continued on page* 87)

James Arness stars as Marshal Matt Dillon in *Gunsmoke*, as seen over CBS-TV, Sat., 10 P.M. EST, sponsored by Chesterfield and L & M Filter Cigarettes.

The Arness youngsters—Rolf, Craig and Jennie Lee—apparently have an appetite like Dad's! But there were some lean times for Jim, before he got that role as Marshal Matt Dillon in *Gunsmoke*.







As Grace Tyrell in The Secret Storm,

as a gay, gallant woman off-stage,

Marjorie Gateson proves . . .

Glamour

IS A STATE OF MIND





Mirror shows an up-to-date Marjorie. The wall gallery shows some of her stage roles, as she and friend Odette Myrtil reminisce.



The kitchen is small but well-stocked and Marjorie turns out snacks or company meals without ruffling her coiffure or her poise.

By ED MEYERSON

PARDON ME, but—aren't you Grace Tyrell?"

The question no longer surprises the actress who plays the part of Grace on CBS-TV's *The Secret Storm*. Strangers stop her in the street and approach her in shops. Even little children come up to her, for they apparently watch the show, too.

"It's amazing!" she says. "You can be in the biggest hit play and no one knows you. But, once you're on television, you can't go anywhere without being recognized. It's the greatest publicity there is."

Even more endearing to an actress's heart, however, is that many of these people know her own name. "Forgive me for bothering you," they'll say, "but (*Continued on page* 76)

With gaiety and high spirits, Marjorie turns a hotel suite into a warm and welcoming home to entertain such friends as Lawrence Baker, Jr., Broadway producer; Odette Myrtil, musical comedy star; and Dick Dunn, producer of *The Secret Storm* and *Love Of Life*.



Marjorie shows Dick Dunn her gilt statuette of Saint Anthony, who "finds things," and who watches over her as she studies her lines.



Marjorie Gateson is Grace Tyrell in *The Secret Storm*, CBS-TV, M-F, 4:15 P.M. EST, sponsored by Whitehall Pharmacal Co. and Boyle-Midway, Inc.

TV RADIO MIRROR
AWARDS for 1955-56

Vote for Your Favorite PROGRAMS on Radio and Television

(Write name of one program in each column for each classification)

CLASS	FAVORITE RADIO PROGRAM	FAVORITE TV PROGRAM
Daytime Drama		
Evening Drama		
Daytime Comedy		
Evening Comedy		
Daytime Variety		
Evening Variety		
Musical Program		
Mystery or Adventure		
Quiz Show		
Panel Show		
Women's Program		
Children's Program		
Western Program		
Best Program on Air		

(Cut out this ballot and mail to TV RADIO MIRROR AWARDS, Box 1476, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. It is not necessary to fill in both radio and television sections of this ballot.)



Your own votes decide the gold medal winners



Vote for Your Favorite STARS on Radio and Television

(Write name of one star in each column for each classification)

CLASS	FAVORITE RADIO STAR (specify show on which star appears)	FAVORITE TV STAR (specify show on which star appears)
Male Singer		
Female Singer		
Comedian		
Comedienne		
Daytime Drama Actor		
Daytime Drama Actress		
Evening Drama Actor		
Evening Drama Actress		
Daytime Emcee		
Evening Emcee		
News Commentator		
Sportscaster		
Husband-Wife Team		
Western Star		

(Cut out this ballot and mail to TV RADIO MIRROR AWARDS, Box 1476, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. It is not necessary to fill in both radio and television sections of this ballot.)

YOU ARE the star-makers of America, the jury whose verdict decides the success or failure of the programs and personalities who entertain you on both television and radio. And *you* are the judges whose votes will select the winners of gold medals in the ninth annual TV RADIO MIRROR Awards —the only recognized, nationwide poll which offers listeners and viewers the opportunity to name their own favorite radio and TV stars and shows. *Vote today!* Your ballots must be postmarked no later than December 10, 1955, when a staff of independent tabulators starts adding up all the votes you've cast. The exciting results will be announced in the May issue of TV RADIO MIRROR, complete with colorful pictures and exclusive stories of the winners. You needn't sign your name, but the only way your favorites can win is if you place *their* names on the ballots—stars on this page, programs on the opposite one—for either radio or TV, or both. Then mail your choices promptly, in time to be counted for the gold medals!

in the only nationwide poll of America's listeners and viewers

Straight

Paul Coates' own story tells why Confidential File touches the heart—

and conscience—of a nation

By
BUD GOODE



Paul starts work at his kitchen phone, leaves for the newspaper office at 11 A. M., off on a whirlwind round which often doesn't end till 2 A.M.—next day.



He gets expert advice for his TV reports—above right, Dr. Robert Stoller, U. C. L. A. psychiatrist.



Face mask protects the identity of a would-be suicide who hoped her story might help save others from despair.



This 14-year-old—name withheld, as always—told Paul a pathetic story of feeling "rejected" by her own parents.

from his heart



Coates family includes wife Renee; daughter Joren, 12, sons Kevin, 8, and Timmie, 7—plus Friendly, the dog; Nino, the pony; Cameo, the horse.

THE RED LIGHT over the TV studio door blinked: "Studio in Use." The sign on the heavy double door read: "Closed Set." There was no audience for the show going on inside, and the auditorium with its three hundred empty seats was quiet as a crypt. Besides the half-dozen crew members, there were only two other people in the studio—a neatly dressed, stolid-faced, already-old, young man seated beside a woman in a plain housedress. The woman's face was covered with a large mask. When the cue came, the young man read the lines which opened the show: "The woman you are about to meet," he said, "didn't want to wear a mask. She felt she had nothing to be ashamed of . . ."

Thus, Paul Coates, starring in *Confidential File*, was on the air again. Suicide was the subject under discussion. The woman hidden behind the mask had tried to take her life five times. Five times she had failed. Now under an analyst's care, she (*Continued on page* 94)

Confidential File is produced by Guild Films, sponsored by Bardahl Manufacturing Corp. and others. Consult newspapers for time and station.

She loves her dolls—and dreams of dates. Robin Morgan's growing up—and not too sure she wants to hurry!



Robin gets lots of fan mail, as *Mama's* Dagmar—much of it concerning teen-age problems now that she's almost fourteen.



Wary of formal dates, Robin prefers casual get-togethers at home, around the piano—or her 'uke.

Mama's "Little Girl"

By MARY TEMPLE

JUST A GLIMPSE of Robin Morgan's fan mail, through the years, tells a great deal about a talented child who has grown up, on radio and television, into a lovely and lovable teenager. Though Robin won't be fourteen until her next birthday (January 29), she's been getting fan mail almost all her life. At three, she was entertaining at hospitals in Lake Worth (in Florida, where she was born) . . . at four, doing children's fashion-show commentaries and appearing on a TV program (her first) . . . at five, having her own disc-jockey show in New York spinning children's records and telling little stories (*Continued on page* 69)

Robin Morgan is Dagmar Hansen on *Mama*, over CBS-TV, Fri., 8 P.M. EST, for Maxwell House Coffee, Post's 40% Bran Flakes, Grape-Nuts.



Other girls have to watch their weight, as she does—but few of them have Robin's long tresses!

Guided by her mother, Robin has learned that plenty of sleep and proper food are the finest of all beauty secrets.











As Young Dr. Malone, as husband, father and entertainer extraordinary, Sandy Becker gives— and receives—

More than anyone could ask

By FRANCES KISH

WEEKDAYS, Sandy and Ruth Becker live in a reasonably serene household. That is, it's as reasonably serene as any house can be—with three lively children, a huge German shepherd dog, two parrakeets that have the run of the place, a chattering dwarf parrot, and a collection of other animals which may at any time include strange turtles from the Amazon or even a stray duck. Plus at least six tanks of odd tropical fish—including one called a man-eater, and enough guppies to stock a hatchery. Furthermore, there's a hi-fi system installed in the living room and connected up to the master bedroom—plus a grand piano on which eleven-year-old Joyce does her practicing. And a power-tool shop in the basement where Sandy, supervised by six-and-a-half-year-old Curtis, works on do-it-yourself projects. Add winsome five-year-old Annelle, who comes romping in with half the kids in the neighborhood in tow, and you have a pretty good picture of what goes on during any ordinary day at the Beckers'.

Saturday is the really lively day for the Becker family, when Daddy's free from his radio and television chores. Sandy has then completed his five-times-a-week stint, starring as *Young*

Continued



In their big white house on Long Island, Sandy does one of his impish sketches for his wife, Ruth—whose own artistic tastes run toward antiques, such as that handsome silver pot.

Saturday is "all together" time for the Beckers—Sandy, Ruth, Joyce, Curtis, and little Annelle. One of Sandy's favorite treats then is taking them for a spin in his cherished Mercedes-Benz.

Dwarf parrot Hajji Baba is Sandy's "co-star."





More than anyone could ask

(Continued)



There's a do-it-yourself workshop in the Becker basement. Ruth shops for bargains in antiques. Sandy remodels 'em for home use.

Sandy loves anything mechanical, likes to tinker with his "dream" car. He also loves anything electronic, is a great hi-fi fan.



Dr. Malone over CBS Radio. There's a brief gap in the children's TV programs he does for WABD, Du Mont's key station in New York—*The Sandy Becker Show* and *Looney Tunes,* Monday through Friday, *Wonderama* on Sunday afternoons. And there's no "live" commercial to be done—at least, not at this writing, though he's much in demand as an announcer, too. (For instance, Sandy is the Wildroot "host" on *The Adventures Of Robin Hood,* Monday nights over CBS-TV.)

Right now, however, Saturday is Sandy's holiday, when he can stay at the big white house out on Long Island, putter around the yard, take Ruth or the children for a run in the Mercedes-Benz sports car which is one of his most exciting dreams-come-true, and point out to them for the several-hundredth time how wonderfully it is designed and constructed—for Sandy is both a sports-car and hi-fi fan, with a taste for the finest in mechanics and electronics.

He can spend hours on Saturday in that workshop of his, finishing off such projects as the window seats he has been building all around the sunroom for the children—or the wiring of one of Ruth's lamp bases, frequently made from a fine piece of crystal she has picked up at auction for a trifling sum. Meanwhile, the music he and Ruth love (much of it definitely long-hair) will be drifting all through the house—and sometimes thundering out, if the composition happens to be one of Sandy's pet

Smallest members of the Becker household—not counting their tropical fish!—are Hajji Baba, the dwarf parrot who "acts" on Sandy's TV shows, and Goldie, the baby parrakeet.

Oldest pet is Jocko, Sandy's German shepherd. Jocko has spent almost all his five years as friend and protector of the young Beckers—Annelle, 4; Curtis, 6½; and Joyce, 11.

percussion recordings or perhaps a real hot jazz number.

Neighbors will drop in for a little conversation. Company will be coming for meals and for Scrabble sessions. Clyde Clem, who used to be Sandy's roommate when they were both radio announcers in Charlotte, North Carolina—where Sandy and Ruth met, fell in love and were married—now lives about five minutes' drive from the Beckers and runs in to talk shop and visit. Clyde is now manager of audience promotion for the NBC radio and television networks, and the men are still buddies. Phil Goulding and his pretty wife stop by to say hello. Phil is with local radio station WMGM in New York and is the brother of Ray Goulding of *Bob and Ray* fame.

But people who have no connection with show business, and only know the Beckers as good neighbors, come by to chat, too. Fred Blahnik, the police captain who lives across the street and is one of Sandy's best friends, is a frequent visitor. There will hardly be an hour when someone isn't coming or going from the friendly-looking Georgian house, which is set on an irregular-shaped corner lot that trails off in back to a children's play area, to gardens and a (*Continued on page* 89)



Sandy Becker is *Young Dr. Malone*, CBS Radio, M-F, 1:30 P.M. EST. He is host of three big children's television shows on WABD (New York)—*The Sandy Becker Show*, M-F, from 8:45 to 10 A.M.; *Looney Tunes*, M-F, 6:30 P.M.; *Wonderama*, Sunday, from 12 noon to 6 P.M.





to Cynthia

WITH LOVE

Mary's now singing to her own first-born—just as Joanne sings to Patti, on Search For Tomorrow

By MARY STUART

I WONDER, Cynthia, if you will ever realize how much your coming meant to your father and me. In the first place, I wanted a girl so much. And so did Richard. Of course, we would have loved having a little boy, too. In fact, I had all your layette and your nursery done in *blue*. As you'll someday learn, that's the traditional color for boys. Somehow, I secretly felt that, if I'd ordered everything in *pink*, we just wouldn't have got the little girl we dreamed of having. We even had a boy's name picked out! Stephen was our first choice, then we decided on Jeffrey—and we're still hoping that you'll have a little brother named Jeffrey, before you're old enough to read this.

But we didn't tempt fate by choosing any girl's names. I'm not quite sure now, just how we arrived at "Cynthia." It must have just come to us. It is not a family name. It is not the name of any character I've ever played in pictures or on TV—nor, so far is I know, that of any favorite (*Continued on page* 92)

Mary Stuart is Joanne Tate in *Search For Tomorrow*, CBS-TV, M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by the Procter & Gamble Co. for Joy, Spic and Span, Gleem.

Mary's husband, producer Richard Krolik, didn't make any promises about playing the "proud papa." He thought he'd have to learn his new role—but Cynthia had him under control, from first sight!



Busy as she is, caring for baby, Mary paused to write the accompanying "letter," telling Cynthia of their happiness today—and dreams for tomorrow.



Baby Chris was born that fateful autumn when Bob discovered how very much he loved his family—wife Mildred and older sons Robin, 13, and Ronnie, 12.

Now Bob spends all his after-work hours in or near his home and finds that the Smiths' charming little "recreation room" is really a great place to relax.

Got the Sun in the Morning

In the valley of the shadow,

Howdy Doody's Bob Smith

learned the things that count

By WARREN CROMWELL

SOMETIMES it takes a mighty strong blow from fate to make even the happiest man pause to count his blessings. He can be proud of his family, getting a big kick out of success, enjoying the fact that he finally has the money to do the things for his loved ones that he's always wanted to do—and still lose sight of the many little blessings which make life so rich for all of us.

That's pretty much how it was with Bob Smith, creator and star of the fabulous children's program, *Howdy Doody*. In Bob's case, it was a nearly fatal heart attack, at the height of his career, which made him appreciate many things he had begun to take for granted. And it was during his slow but steady recovery that Bob came to realize so clearly that (*Continued on page* 86)

Bob Smith's *Howdy Doody Show* is seen in color and black-and-white on NBC-TV, M-F, 5:30 P.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship.



The grass never looked so green to Bob, the sky so blue, as when he left his sickbed to walk outside his home. And Mil never looked more lovable and dear.



Big hobbies are music and baseball: Bob plays the piano in his home studio, with Ronnie on clarinet, Robin on trumpet. Little Christopher Mayo Smith was named after the manager of the Phillies—no family relation but a sports idol!



By
HELEN BOLSTAD



Loyal Louise Thompson and nurse Edna Crichton teamed up to help Beth—and her parents—enjoy Thanksgiving at home.



WELCOME

THANKSGIVING, for Pat Meikle and her husband, Hal Cooper, has become the most important of festive days. "More important than birthdays," says Pat, the gracious and sparkling hostess of *Welcome Travelers* on CBS-TV, star of the long-beloved children's program *Magic Cottage*, and currently also a hostess for *Wonderama*, Station WABD's big children's program in the New York area.

"Thanksgiving is even more important than our wedding anniversary," adds Hal, who directs *Search For*

Wee Beth's first important holiday gave mama Pat Meikle

and papa Hal Cooper an inspiring lesson in love



Beth attended that first family dinner in her baby carriage. This year, she sits up to the table like a little lady!

TO OUR FAMILY

Tomorrow, over CBS-TV, and is producer of Pat's programs for children.

"It's the day," she explains, "that Hal and I, after all these years of marriage, stopped being just a man and wife whose personal lives sort of got gobbled up by television, and found out—thanks to little Beth and our helpers—that we're a family."

It began, they recount, at their Madison Avenue apartment one late November day a year ago. Hal tossed down his next morning's script, stretched that good, end-of-the-day stretch and ambled out to the kitchen. At the doorway, he surveyed the scene and remarked, "You girls certainly have the joint jumping."

The kitchen was as busy as three capable women could make it. Pat, switching from glamour girl to devoted young mother, was at the ironing board putting the finishing touches to the lace-trimmed flounce of three-month-old Beth's tiny dress. Beth's nurse, Edna Crichton, was at the stove, preparing formula. Louise Thompson, their maid, was finishing up the dinner

See Next Page

WELCOME TO OUR FAMILY

(Continued)



Inspired by Beth's arrival, Pat and Hal have found themselves a "small town" in the heart of New York's Greenwich Village, complete with community gardens, a hearth to dream by—and room for a family to grow in.



dishes. At Hal's entrance, each looked up, murmured a polite greeting and went on with her work.

Hal tried again to gain attention. "Pat, have you thought anything about Thanksgiving? Will we go to the folks' house, or is one of the aunts giving the dinner this year?"

Pat flipped the iron back on its rest. "Dear, I don't see how we can go either place. It takes so long to get to Far Rockaway, and I don't think we should keep Beth out that late."

Hal nodded. He, too, had been adding studio time to travel time and coming out with a dinner hour troublesome to all concerned. Rehearsals and shows would keep both of them tied up until nearly seven o'clock. But the memory of many happy Thanksgivings was so strong that his disappointment showed. "I suppose we'd better just skip the whole thing."

Reluctantly, Pat agreed. "Even if we just took some of the kids from the show to a restaurant, it would mean that either Edna or Louise would have to baby-sit. We don't want to keep you girls away from Thanksgiving with your own families. We'll just have to plan something special next year." She, too, sounded disappointed.

But Pat reckoned without Edna, that West Indian woman of great heart and strong character who had come into their household "for three weeks" after Beth was born and had remained as permanent nurse and family friend. She had also failed to count on loyal Louise, who had been with them for five years. At Pat's dismissal of Thanksgiving plans, Edna set down the rack of baby bottles with a rattle. "Do you mean," she demanded, "that Beth's going to have no Thanksgiving?"

"She's so tiny . . ." said Pat.

"We have to work," said Hal. "That's show business for you."

"But it's not family business," said Edna.

Pat Meikle is the hostess on *Welcome Travelers,* CBS-TV, M-F, 1:30 P.M., sponsored by The Procter & Gamble Co. for Camay, Ivory Snow, Oxydol, Gleem, Prell. She is a hostess for *Wonderama,* over Station WABD (New York), Sun., 12 noon—6 P.M. *Search For Tomorrow* is seen over CBS-TV, M-F, 12:30 P.M., as sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Joy, Spic and Span, Gleem. (All EST)





There's plenty of fresh air for Beth, and the grown-up Coopers enjoy that sunshine, too—whether playing with Beth, studying scripts, or making plans for the future.



Said Louise, with five years' knowledge of the Coopers' habits and responsibilities, "They always work. Thanksgiving. Christmas. Fourth of July . . ."

Edna was indignant. "Maybe that used to be all right for you folks, but it's not right for Beth. You're a family now. Louise and I will see that you have a Thanksgiving."

Pat, recalling the golden-brown turkey and all the trimmings which finally greeted them last year, says: "What a dinner that was!" The girls had worked out a plan and the Coopers' dinner was all ready before they left for their own dinner with their families.

"It was the first Thanksgiving we'd ever had in our own home," Hal recalls, "and it turned out to be quite a party. Ted Walsh, our assistant, was there and we brought Beth to the table in her carriage. She sat propped up against her pillows, laughing and cooing and flirting with Ted. She really seemed to know this was something special."

"It was special for us, too," says Pat. "This was the first time we really understood what it was like to be a family—that we belonged to (*Continued on page* 91)



As young Toby and his mother, Laura, take delight in Toby's new puppy, Dr. Crane tries to advise and comfort Albert Wexler, who is allergic to dogs but wants to please Toby—his stepson-to-be.

CITY HOSPITAL

Dr. Crane's experience proves that taking life too seriously is as great a mistake as taking life too lightly

MOST PEOPLE, in all walks of life, are called upon at various times to do more than is expected of them. For a doctor, however, this is not the exception but the rule. A doctor's primary mission in life is to cure the sick. But, at times, he also has to be an adviser, philosopher, mediator and helping hand. In a city hospital, a doctor's complex role is magnified, for—in addition to attending all kinds of patients with all kinds of ills—a doctor often finds himself involved in problems concerning his colleagues and subordinates. . . . Dr. Barton Crane of City Hospital is a man of great talent, patience and wisdom, as well as a successful man of medicine. It is only natural, therefore, that his advice and comfort should be sought by members of the City Hospital staff, as well as its patients. Recently, this occurred with Albert Wexler, one of the hospital's pharmacists. Albert, a serious but often over-anxious young man, was in love with Laura, a nurse at City Hospital, and planned to marry her. But Laura, a widow for ten years, was also the mother of twelve-year-old Toby. Worrier that he was, Albert was afraid to break the news to Toby for fear that it would make the boy unhappy or cause him to resent Albert. . . . The main cause for Albert's concern was that he took matters too seriously and had a tendency to underestimate himself. This was made clear to Dr. Crane after he had lent Albert several books on psychology. For, no sooner had Albert read them, than he began applying what little he had learned to his own relationship with Toby. "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing," Dr. Crane mused, as he tried to make Albert realize that his situation was not some abstract case history. "Take it easy," he advised Albert. "Toby will be tickled pink to have you for a father—especially if you want to be one." . . . Although Albert found it difficult to "take it easy," he did make an attempt to get closer to Toby. That evening, when he went to see Laura, he brought Toby a present—a baseball mitt—and told the boy that he and Laura planned to marry. Toby accepted the gift and the marriage news courteously, but showed no visible sign of being happy or sad. Albert never had been very interested in baseball—chess was more to his liking—but he assumed Toby would be. Later, when Laura heard about the mitt Albert had given Toby, she explained that Toby didn't care much for baseball because his eyesight was not good enough. Immediately, Albert tried to apologize to Toby for his slight blunder, but again Toby showed no significant reaction. . . . Feeling he was completely to blame, Albert again sought Dr. Crane's advice. Dr. Crane told him, "I know you love Laura, and I'm sure you love her son. You'll get through to the boy. He'll know the way you really do feel about him." Albert brightened a bit as he told Dr. Crane, "I feel a great—*affinity* for Toby. Because he's so little, and *I* was always little. And he hasn't had a father, and that's like me, too, in a way, because my father never took any notice of me. I can tell how he feels. . . . I just hope that somehow I can get through to him." . . . The next time Albert visited Laura, he discovered that Toby loved dogs, although he had never had one of his own. This set Albert to thinking and, the following day, when Dr. Crane ran into Albert at the hospital, the young man was brimming over with excitement. Then he showed Dr. Crane why: He had gotten a lively little puppy for Toby. As he told Dr. Crane, "I think this might be the answer to all our troubles," Albert's words were punctuated with sneezes. As long as he was near the dog, he couldn't stop sneezing. Dr. Crane thought it was *possible* that Albert might be allergic to dogs. Albert, however, was *positive* that was the case. . . . Once again, Albert felt defeated and worried about what to say when Toby and Laura came to meet him. Dr. Crane sent Albert down to his office and, when Toby and Laura arrived, he took over. When Toby saw the dog, he was overjoyed. "He's the most wonderful dog I ever saw," he enthused. Then Dr. Crane explained about Albert's apparent allergy to dogs. When Albert came in, Toby bravely told him he'd give up the puppy, but Albert insisted that he keep it—he just couldn't stand to hurt Toby again. But Toby, a proud and valiant little fellow, replied, "I don't really need a dog. I've done without one for a long time. And—well, which does a fellow need more—a dog or a father?" As Albert listened, amazed and a bit dumbfounded, Toby went on. "I've been spending a lot of time trying to figure out what I could do for you that you'd like. That we could do together. I mean, you got me that swell glove, but I'm no good at baseball, and I didn't want to be a disappointment to you in everything, and . . . well, I've been learning how to play chess, and—look, Dad, we can give the dog to somebody else. . . ." As Albert tried to choke back a happy sob, Dr. Crane said, "There's no reason why you should be allergic to dogs, Albert. Once we know what your allergy is, it's a pretty simple matter to desensitize you. And once we do . . . well, I agree that a father's a bit more important than a dog. But why shouldn't Toby have both?" . . . With those words, Dr. Crane brought to a happy end one more chapter of the dramatic book of life that forever unfolds at City Hospital.

City Hospital is heard on CBS Radio, Sat., 1 P.M. EST. Pictured here in their original roles, left to right. are Joseph Fallon as Toby, Linda Watkins as Laura, Melville Ruick as Dr. Crane, Ted Osborn as Albert Wexler.

the Long Way Home



By PHIL LEWIS

WHEN Sid Caesar, his wife Florence and their two young children moved into their beautiful new home on Long Island last summer, it was the realization of a dream which Sid and Florence had had for many years. The lovely sixteen-room house overlooking the water is the first home Sid has owned in all his thirty-three years, and it is the apple of his eye—as well it might be.

Sid had lived in no less than seventeen different places (not counting the hotel rooms and barracks he occupied while in the Coast Guard). Florence had shared nine of them with Sid. And, during the twelve years of their marriage, their dream had always been of a home of their own. Now they have it. It is truly a "dream home" in more ways than one.

The new house is a far cry (*Continued on page* 78)

Caesar's Hour, starring Sid Caesar, is seen over NBC-TV, three Mondays out of four, from 8 to 9 P.M. EST. The program is sponsored by Helene Curtis Industries, Inc., Remington Electric Shavers, and the American Chicle Company (for Dentyne Chewing Gum).

After many a move, Sid and Florence Caesar have found the happy haven which once existed only in their dreams



Pausing on the patio of their new sixteen-room house in Long Island, Florence, Shelley, Rick and Sid Caesar reflect the happiness and pride of a family which, for the first time, is experiencing the pleasures of having a home all their own.



The spacious living room, with its beautiful view of Manhasset Bay, also provides ample wall space for Sid's and Florence's fine collection of paintings. Most important, says Sid, "It's the sort of place where you're not afraid to sit down."



The Caesars' swimming pool, behind the house, is fenced in and has a built-in alarm system for the children's safety.



Golfer's dream: Sid has his own one-hole golf course—with two tees—on which he tries to improve his game.





1. Much has happened since Helen Trent and Gil Whitney first fell in love. But, as they begin to meet again, they still share the old dream of marriage and a life together.

HOPE has flirted with Helen Trent like a carefree Casanova—leading her on with a smile, then heartlessly eloping with someone else, and returning to tease her once more. . . . Although it has played cruel tricks on her, hope is all that has sustained Helen for many years. Ever since her first fateful meeting with Gil Whitney, Helen has dreamed that she and Gil would marry someday. But, when Cynthia Swanson appeared on the scene, Gil had become ensnared in her schemes and tricked into marrying the wealthy, heartless woman. . . . From the beginning, this had been a marriage in name only. But, with a hatred and venom which Helen could never fathom, Cynthia refused to set Gil free so that he could marry Helen. Believing Gil lost to her forever, Helen turned all her energies to her career as top costume designer at the Jeff Brady Motion Picture Studios. Still, she could not help feeling her life was unfulfilled. . . . Then, Helen found her loneliness eased by the attentions of millionaire Brett Chapman. With him, Helen discovered companionship and common interests and, finally, she and Brett made plans to marry. . . . But, shortly before the intended wedding, Helen's assistant, Loretta Cole, stepped between them, turning Brett's head and alienating him from Helen. Then, a few months later, Loretta was killed in an accident—a grim payment for her marriage to Brett for his money. Realizing how he had been deceived by Loretta, Brett turned again to Helen.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT



Helen Trent continues to believe in love even as two selfish women plot to destroy her dreams

See Next Page——→

2. Cynthia has tricked Gil into marriage—now, out of hatred of Helen, refuses to free him.



3. Helen recognizes Gil's new secretary, Fay Granville, as an adventuress and a rival for Gil.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT

(Continued)

. . . But, after her disappointment with Brett, Helen has come to feel that it is Gil alone she really loves. Once more Gil pleads with Cynthia for a divorce, and once more Cynthia refuses. . . . Helen also finds she has a rival for Gil's affections in his beautiful and mysterious secretary, Fay Granville, who has obviously set her mind on marrying Gil herself. . . . Suddenly, the divorce Gil has sought all these years is offered him by his wife—on the condition that he marry Fay! Confused, uncertain—knowing only that any life would be better than the one he shares with Cynthia—Gil turns toward Fay. . . . Dazzled by the tricks which Fay has used before to ruin other men, Gil accepts Fay for what she seems to be. He even gives her access to his safe and tells Fay that she may use some of the money to cover her expenses. Finally, Fay—who has been busily looting the safe of large sums of money—decides to protect herself by precipitating her marriage to Gil. Al-



4. Meanwhile, millionaire Brett Chapman presses Helen to forget Gil and marry him. But he also confirms Helen's suspicions of Fay, whom he remembers having met before.

5. Suddenly, Cynthia agrees to divorce Gil—if he will marry Fay! Gil is confused, but Fay announces the engagement and toasts Cynthia in the triumph over Helen.





6. Helen searches for proof that will unmask Fay. She manages to find damaging evidence but this is retrieved by Fay's brother and Helen is found unconscious by Brett.

though Gil had not planned to come to a decision so soon, he says nothing when Fay announces their engagement at a party. . . . Meanwhile, Helen has suspected that Fay is not what she pretends to be. When she realizes that Gil is likely to go on being deceived, she sets out to prove her suspicions. . . . Helen's doubts are confirmed when Brett Chapman tells her that he remembers having seen Fay elsewhere and that she had an unsavory reputation. But Brett has no proof and, hoping to marry Helen himself, he offers little help in her struggle to win Gil. . . . Nevertheless, Helen manages to find damaging evidence against Fay, but she is stopped by Fay's brother Darcy, who knocks her unconscious. Helen now has only the name of the man connected with that evidence, and she begins to search for him. He turns out to be one of the many victims Fay has fleeced and, eager for revenge, he agrees to testify against Fay. . . . As a lawyer, Gil refuses to condemn anyone without proof. But Helen is hopeful that the meeting she plans between Fay and her former victim will be all the proof anyone could demand. . . . Wily and experienced as she is, does Fay have still another ruse with which to deceive Gil? And, even if Helen succeeds in winning back Gil's affections, can she cope with Cynthia? Is Cynthia likely to grant Gil his freedom if it means he will marry Helen? . . . Hope flirts once again with Helen, but this is a road that has led her to heartbreak before. Helen wonders if she would be wiser to forget Gil and give Brett Chapman the answer he so obviously wants with all his heart. How should she respond, as hope beckons once again in the romance of Helen Trent?



7. Convinced of her suspicions, Helen confronts Fay. But Gil, as a lawyer, asks for further proof—and Helen wonders whether, even if she finds it, she can regain Gil's love.

Pictured here, as heard on the air, are:

Helen Trent.....Julie Stevens
Gil Whitney.....David Gothard
Cynthia Swanson Whitney.....Andree Wallace
Brett Chapman.....Bob Haag
Fay Granville.....Millicent Brower

The Romance Of Helen Trent, CBS Radio, M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST.

He's a GREAT Granddad!



At "39," Jack Benny shrugs off the years—and revels in the delight his first grandchild has brought him

By FREDDA BALLING

AS EVERYBODY KNOWS, Jack Benny is only 39. It's one of the enchanting myths which the Waukegan wit has encouraged about himself, and which the American public has gleefully accepted. But Jack's self-proclaimed "ceiling on birthdays" does create some problems in statistics—none greater than that which transpired last summer, when daughter Joan Benny Baker became the mother of a six-pound, four-ounce baby boy named Michael. This somewhat early grandfatherhood fascinated newswriters and amateur gagsters around the land.

It was written that the baby was born with a heavy head of hair about the color and consistency of Jack's "Sunday toupee" (he doesn't wear one any day of the week). The infant's eyes were said to be "mountain lake" blue, and the song that soothed him in moments of distress was, inevitably, "Love in Bloom." But principally Jack was headlined as one of the youngest grandparents in show business—at the age of 39.

Jack and Mary shared their daughter's secret with close friends, George Burns and Gracie Allen—who flew to New York with them and helped wile away the hours of waiting.





Baby Michael calmly allows Nurse Eva Blumstein to show him off to mother Joan Benny Baker and grandfather Jack. But Jack was far from calm as he checked to see if Michael also had "baby blue" eyes, then dashed off to buy junior-size golf clubs.

The American public quickly took it up. Letters began to avalanche upon the already crowded CBS-Hollywood office. The mail could be divided roughly into three categories: Boasts from younger-than-Benny grandparents (one precocious type from, naturally, Texas, reported himself a grandfather at 28); boasts from legitimate 39-ers with *more* than one grandchild (usually acquired in a multiple birth); protests from Jack's authentic contemporaries (he has never made a strict secret of his actual 61 years)—who complained that, if he'd only stress the truth about his age, they would be far and away ahead of him in the grandparent sweepstakes.

A good many of the letters enclosed snapshots of beloved progeny. At length, after having spent a morning in study of letters and pictures, Jack observed thoughtfully, "Mary and I made just one mistake. We should have had a family of six or eight. Just look at these kids! Aren't they great? Wouldn't you love to have every single one!" Jack added, taking on the Benny TV personality, "Of course, there's something *special* about Michael . . . and I'm not saying it because I'm prejudiced. Hmmmmmmmm . . . it's true."

Michael started out being "something special" about seven months before he was born. During one of Joan's regular long-distance phone calls, placed to her parents two or three times a week, Joan confided that she had her doctor's assurance she was going to make Jack a grandfather. She added that she wanted to keep it secret as long as possible.

Jack and Mary agreed with their daughter. A secret it would be.

The following day, Jack showed up at Hillcrest Country Club, as usual, for his luncheon date with George Burns and other members in good standing at the Comedians' Table. George, grandparent of almost a year's seniority

See Next Page ⟶

He's a GREAT Granddad!

(Continued)



Jack and Mary gave Joan and Seth Baker a wedding so lavish it made headlines. But it was nothing to the field day newsmen and gagsters had when Jack became a granddad at 39!

The Jack Benny Show, alternate Sundays on CBS-TV, 7:30 P.M. EST, is sponsored by American Tobacco for Lucky Strike Cigarettes. Jack also stars frequently on Chrysler's *Shower Of Stars*, CBS-TV, 8:30 P.M.

at the time, "happened" to have a fistful of his grandson's latest pictures in his wallet, and passed them around.

This was more than mortal man could stand. With quiet dignity, Jack announced that "by this time next year" he would have some pictures of his own to parade. He added, however, that his anticipation was a secret for the time being. After luncheon he joined a foursome for golf and confided his news to them, again with the aside that the information was given in confidence. At the nineteenth hole, Jack joined the usual alibi session and, as soon as he could get a word in, spread the tidings—requesting, of course, that there be no broadcasting of the facts.

All in all, it proved to be a lovely day. Always enthusiastic, Jack had a prize inspiration on his way home and stopped at an out-of-the-way shop which is patronized mainly by musicians of note. After proper deliberation and testing, he tucked his purchase under his arm and hastened home to Mary's welcoming kiss.

"Hi, Doll. Bought a present for the expected," he said, handing the package to Mary.

"Not already!" she moaned, and her expression took on starch. There was no real need for her to remove the wrappings and unfasten the case, but she played out the scene just the same. Nestled in the velvet lining was a quarter-sized violin.

"Oh, Jack!" said his wife, her tone a compound of exasperation, amusement and intense affection.

"Cute, huh?" said Jack, very offhandedly.

Suspicion gradually superseded all other emotions as Mary studied the man to whom she has been married for nearly twenty-nine years. "Jack, you didn't tell anyone at the club, did you?"

Jack said, "Well . . ." as only he can say it. After a pause he went on, "Naturally, I had to tell George." Jack explained that George had been flashing pictures around the luncheon table, so . . . And then, out on the golf course, one of the guys had said something about his daughter's youngsters, which reminded Jack . . . Oh, yes, and then in the locker room there had been a few fellows standing around. . . .

"Jack! What will Joanie think?" Mary demanded, and this time the inflection denoted shocked reproof and genuine annoyance modified very little by loving understanding.

Jack took refuge in a show-business trick which is his and his alone, because—according to other comedians—no one else has the courage it takes to put it into effect. It goes like this in a theater: Jack tells a joke and then, with a straight face—a face on which cosmic melancholy and quiet command are mingled—he stares at the audience and waits. And he continues to wait, permitting himself no more than a patient sigh. According to show-business experts, this leaves an audience with a choice: To laugh or to leave the theater. They always laugh.

And so, regarding Mary with his life-is-a-bad-joke-on-somebody-but-don't-blame-me expression, Jack waited.

And Mary laughed.

She had no real cause to fear betrayal of the secret. The Hillcrest Country Club takes care of its own. Not one word of the Baker expectancy oozed out of California. Not until Eastern columnists noted Joan's chic maternity outfits did the item appear in the press.

The three Bennys have always been exceptionally devoted. During the war years, when Jack was spending every possible hour doing shows at military installations, there was a gag among his (*Continued on page* 80)

Mama's Little Girl

(*Continued from page 44*)

for children into the microphone. . . .

"What a cute little girl you must be," said the early fan mail, then mostly from grownups. But, during the next couple of seasons—when Robin was a member of Jack Barry's *Juvenile Jury* on radio and TV—the letters added: "What a cute, *smart* little girl you must be!" When Robin was seven—and made her debut as *Mama's* pigtailed younger daughter, Dagmar, over CBS-TV—the fan mail got bigger and bigger. "What a cute, smart, *pretty* little girl you are," the letters started saying.

But, in this year of 1955, when both Robin and Dagmar had grown up to celebrate their thirteenth birthdays, there was suddenly a marked change in the mail. Oh, yes, the letters still said, "How cute, how smart, how pretty you are." But some new things had been added. Now the mail began to come in great bags, much of it from other teenagers—loads of it, of course, from the more than forty Robin Morgan fan clubs—and much of it asked Robin's advice. There were such questions as: "Do you think it's all right for girls our age to date boys? Does your mother let you use lipstick? Don't you think we're old enough to wear nylon stockings every day?"

And there were letters from boys, too. Shy, respectful little notes, as a rule, that asked if Robin "just happened" to have a wallet-size photograph for carrying around in a boy's pocket. Letters with the tentative suggestion that she just might be willing to become a "pen pal," though there was small chance they would ever meet in person.

To Robin, all this seems very natural. "These other kids look upon me as their friend, I'm proud to say," she does say. "They know that I, being somewhere near their age, probably feel the same way about most things as they do. For instance, girls around my age write me saying they feel sort of 'uncomfortable' about having a real evening date with a boy. Of course, they mean the formal kind of date, where he comes to call for you and take you out without a grownup along. I feel uncomfortable, too, about such formal dates, so I just don't have any. I wouldn't, even if my mother were to approve, which she doesn't—yet.

"Perhaps I act more grown-up than some other girls my age—or at least people think I do—because I have been an actress all my life and have been around grown people a great deal. But I still remember when I was twelve going on thirteen, and was invited to my first formal teen-age party at a country club. The others were mostly two or three years older than I was, and I have to admit that I was ill at ease, although I covered it up well. Actually, it wasn't until the next year that I had got to the point where I could be completely comfortable and enjoy myself at a formal party. Other girls write to me about similar experiences. We may like to feel grown-up, but we know we're really not."

Robin's young, pretty mother understands these things. "When Robin feels ready to be herself when she goes out alone with a boy—instead of with the usual group or with older people along—then I am ready to have her go. I want her to have a good time. Robin is always with other teenagers and does all the things that normal teenagers like to do. I want her to have fun. But I have watched too many young girls pretending to be something they aren't, in an effort to be popular—trying to act 'way beyond their years and experience, yet at heart

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troubled and self-conscious. I don't want this to happen to Robin.

"As far as the boys she knows are concerned," Robin's mother emphasizes, "they are all boys we know and like. If one comes along we don't feel satisfied about, he's out of Robin's little circle quickly. When a boy comes to the house, there are such games as Scrabble, there is television to watch, records to play, the tape recorder to fool around with. Robin gets out her ukulele and strums it, or she plays the piano and they sing. If she feels like baking a batch of peanut-butter cookies (her favorites), or gingerbread or a cake, the boy often pitches in and helps. Robin has no brothers—she's an only child—but we have learned that boys like to cook, too, when it's something *they* like to eat.

"Robin is never shy with a boy in a comfortable setting. Right now, that means home, or an afternoon neighborhood movie or, occasionally, a theater matinee. When she is ready to form her own opinions about boys—as she will have to, when she meets boys from families we don't know—then she will be ready for more formal dating. Even now, I find her coming to her own decisions, without my influencing her, and so I know she is growing up emotionally, little by little, as her decisions become more and more mature. I only hope that she will always meet the kind of boys she knows now, especially when she gets to the age when boys are important to a girl. So far, they are all wonderful kids—and that includes her girl friends, as well."

Not all the problems the mail brings to Robin concern boys and dates. There are other equally perplexing matters. Youngsters write in to ask about her school work and how she manages to continue her education along with her busy work schedule, when they can hardly keep up with their homework. Robin explains that, since she graduated from eighth grade at the Wetter School in Mt. Vernon, New York—where she lived until two years ago—she now has a tutor for her high school work and has to put in a lot of hours on homework, even as other teenagers do, working it in between rehearsals and broadcasts.

Robin is a junior in high school this year, studies all the regular high school subjects, is excellent at languages (currently, deep in French) and a whiz with dialects (which, of course, isn't part of the curriculum). Her latest bit is to put her mother's little black satin beret on at a rakish angle and talk English *à la* Denise Darcel. Or she draws her face into long, thin lines (the transformation is amazing!) and affects a deep-voiced British clubman's accent, with the greatest aplomb.

For many years, Robin took ballet lessons and stopped only when she got to the point where she was ready to dance professionally, had she wanted to make dancing her career. On her bookcase now is a little golden ballerina, the "Oscar" awarded her for being the best in her class. She still practices on the piano, hopes to have more time for it later. Boys and girls who have seen her play, on the *Mama* program, ask if she really *likes* practicing, as she seems to on the show. She has to tell them she's no more fond of the repetitious drill day after day than they are—but what can anyone do, when it's the only way to learn? And, while she doesn't sing publicly, she does sing along with her narration on some of her Columbia records. (Her newest one is "Mother Goose's Music Box.")

Although she is a teenager with wisdom even beyond her years, and with a normal desire to be grown up and do grown-up things, she has her own ideas about such things as wearing off-stage make-up. "I don't use lipstick," she says. "I don't happen to like it for myself at this age, and my mother doesn't like it for me. She thinks there is time enough, later on, and a girl my age shouldn't need added color unless she is unhealthy. Some girls use make-up to cover up complexion troubles, but everyone agrees that a clear complexion comes from the inside, from good, simple food, plenty of water inside and out, and enough sleep and fresh air. I wash my face a lot with soap and water and wear make-up only for my roles on TV." Then she adds, "But I don't see anything wrong with using a little make-up by the time you're fourteen or so, if you use good judgment about it."

Robin disapproves of girls letting their weight go up 'way beyond what it should and then going on faddish diets. Her own measurements are: Bust, 32; waist, 20; hips, 32. She's five feet, one-and-a-half inches tall, and has been getting above the 100 pounds that is normal for her, so she has been very stern with herself to nip off the few extra pounds before they get to be too many. "I'm a nibbler at heart," she explains. But, when her own determination fails, Faith Morgan reminds her what a job it is to take off even five pounds of excess candy, cake and soft drinks. Now, when Robin is watching TV in the early evening, or doing her homework, and is tempted to reach for the candy dish or the popcorn bowl, she goes to the refrigerator instead and cuts herself a little chunk of meat left over from the dinner roast, or a square of cheese.

In summer, she loves to swim. And, all year 'round, she helps with household chores when the maid isn't there—which is equally slimming, if not as much fun. She used to ice skate when they lived in the suburbs, but now she uses most of her free time for her appearances at benefits and children's hospitals, visits to veterans' wards, bond drives and other patriotic causes. She spent part of her last summer's vacation making films for the United States Treasury's bond drive, doing one series addressed to young children and another addressed to teenagers—and writing all the scripts herself.

She brushes her long silky hair a hundred times every night, lying with her head hanging back over the edge of her bed and her feet pushed up against the wall for balance. "It makes the blood flow to my head while I brush." Her mother does the shampooing and helps her dry her hair. (Letter-writers often ask its color—a sort of pale champagne, with red-gold lights.) Ever since Robin and Dagmar graduated from pigtails, they have wanted to wear their hair in a more grown-up fashion, but have had to settle for simple long hair caught back by barrettes.

Young writers ask her about her doll collection and admit they still love some of their childhood dolls. So does Robin. Many of her dolls have come from foreign countries, brought back to her from vacations by "Papa" Judson Laire and "Mama" Peggy Wood and other friends. Peggy taught Robin to knit, during rehearsal waits. "A strict teacher," Robin says, "but, when you learn to do a thing right, she is really proud of you. The day I did my first good purling, she went all around the set asking, 'Do you see how Robin has learned to purl?' and showing-off my work."

Teen-aged girls ask Robin about her clothes, wonder if she still likes the middy blouses Dagmar has worn for so long on the show. She does, but now she prefers more grown-up styles, and goes in for such ensemble effects as coats that match the dresses beneath them, gloves and hats and bags that harmonize. Now that she is almost fourteen, Robin is getting quite definite ideas about her own wardrobe and how other girls her age should choose theirs. "Not to follow anyone else slavishly, but to consider the type and size she is, the kind of community she lives in and the things she likes to do. And especially to feel comfortable in what she wears. Not to be overdressed ever, and yet not to be the only one at a party who isn't a little dressed up." When girls ask her how she feels about short hair—and practically every letter begs her not to cut hers—Robin says she loves it. Then she goes on to explain that being an actress makes her feel she is lucky to have the kind of hair that will give variety to many different roles by allowing her to dress it in different ways as she grows up.

The question of heels comes up regularly in the mail—whether they should be flat or high. Robin explains that she still likes flats for everyday use, and two-inch heels for dress-up clothes. As for nylon stockings—they, too, are mostly for "best." And, for her, they must be seamless "because, let's face it, I'm too lazy to keep twisting them straight." She uses her imagination on her clothes as well as in her cooking (she never decorates a cake or cookies the same way twice). She'll twist a bright scarf through a belt, or tie a bit of ribbon at a neckline, or scatter a couple of cute little pins on a turned-back cuff.

At heart, Robin is a collector, and only the fact that she doesn't live in a big place holds her down! There's her fan collection. "I think fans are feminine, and it must have been nice when ladies always car-



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ried them at parties." There's her animal collection, in china, carved wood, copper and bronze. And her dolls. All are kept out on shelves where visitors can enjoy them and where she can handle them lovingly.

Her favorite collection is one she saved for and picked out herself, piece by piece—although, later on, her friends began adding to it when they realized it was what she wanted for birthdays and other special occasions. It is arranged on a lovely little table in the living room for all to admire—an angel wedding, in porcelain. The white-winged bride, the entire wedding party—even a winged harpist. And the most adorable cupids to be found anywhere.

Citations and cups and medals line a wall of the apartment in midtown New York where she and her mother live. (Robin's father is a major in the Army Medical Corps and her parents are divorced.) Mother and daughter live well, but not luxuriously for a little girl who has earned a big salary all her life. She is learning the value of saving and planning ahead, and she has all she wants or needs, at the moment, for a happy childhood. It was fun to help her mother pick the furnishings for the New York apartment, after they decided to move into the city to be nearer Robin's work. She helped design the color scheme and do the actual shopping, and the apartment expresses her ideas as much as it does her mother's. This year, they decided to change the colors a little when the apartment was redecorated. Pink for Robin's room, a heart-of-a-rose pink that sets off the light woods. Her dolls are on top of the book shelves; her own TV set is here; and the card table she puts up when she answers her fan mail (except in summer, when she takes it out on the little terrace off the living room).

Last year's living room had cocoa walls, but this year they are going to be the palest pink. Furnishings are blond modern, even to the spinet piano, with wrought iron, tile-top tables for accent. The rugs are now charcoal gray, instead of cocoa. Dining area and kitchen will be a soft mint green.

Along one wall of the dining area is a series of framed pictures of Robin, from early baby photographs . . . through her modeling days as a chubby, endearing three-year-old, her Queen of the May photograph at school in Mt. Vernon, and her early Dagmar days . . . to a brand-new one which makes her look really thirteen-going-on-fourteen and has caught just the right mood of this half-child, half-woman Robin of today.

But the child keeps cropping out, just when you have assured yourself that Robin is really growing too fast, getting too wise too soon. The little girl she still is crops out when her mother, for instance, stops her if she interrupts something she is saying. "Who is telling this story, Robin—you or I?" she asks. Robin laughs a little with embarrassment at her eagerness to help tell it, says "Excuse me." But then she can't resist salaaming three times to the floor, hands extended contritely, and then grabbing her mother around the neck and kissing her to show she didn't really mean to be rude. At times like these, Faith Morgan is apt to turn to a visitor and say, half smiling and half in earnest, "You see, it's the mothers who suffer the growing pains, not the teenagers."

Yet Robin is now old enough to realize that work is terribly important. Having been Dagmar for six years—which is close to half her lifetime so far—she feels great affection for this child who is so like herself. But she is constantly being offered other roles on radio and television. This delights her, since she loves doing a variety of parts. The one she has liked the most was the frightened schoolgirl in the Robert Montgomery dramatic show she did last spring, called "The Tall Dark Man," in which her acting ran a steady crescendo to stark, screaming terror and proved she has a flair for drama unusual in a thirteen-year-old. One young admirer was so carried away by Robin's handling of the part that she wrote it had made her "proud it was done by a fellow teenager and an American."

Now Robin wants to make a movie and be in a Broadway stage play, and the fact that she is still young enough to wear braces on her teeth doesn't make any of this sound incongruous. For this is a teenager who can at one moment be initiating a special friend into her own special order of "Martians" (with its own language invented by Robin)—and the next moment be saying quite seriously that, when she was "young," she used to have a new crush every week, usually on actors many times her age (Clark Gable, as Rhett Butler in "Gone with the Wind," was one which lasted longer than the others), but now she believes a girl should be very sure before she admits even to herself that she is in love. She is still young enough—and yet mature enough—to laugh a little when Faith Morgan says that she wants peace of mind for Robin, that she wants her to be sufficiently well adjusted, emotionally, to be happy in her work and her life.

"Oh, Mother," Robin says to this. "You know those are a lot of long words. You just want me to grow up gracefully, and not too fast." And she winks at her teasingly.

Faith Morgan winks back. "Well, isn't that exactly what I said?"

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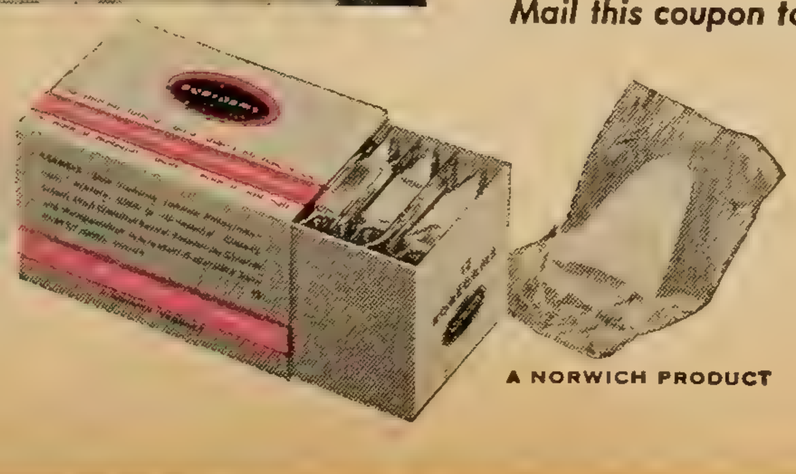
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Inside Radio

All Times Listed Are Eastern Standard Time.

Monday through Friday

Morning Programs

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45		Local Program	John MacVane	
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45		Robert Hurleigh Easy Does It News, Cecil Brown 9:35 Easy Does It (con.)	Breakfast Club	News Of America
10:00	Mary Margaret McBride 10:05 Norman Vincent Peale	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Arthur Godfrey Time
10:15 10:30 10:45	Weekday	Guest Time* News 10:35 Johnny Olsen Show	10:25 Whispering Streets When A Girl Marries	
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Weekday Fibber McGee & Molly	Story Time 11:25 Holland Engle Queen For A Day *Wed., Faith In Our Time	Companion—Dr. Mace Paging The New News, Les Griffith 11:35 Albert Warner Your Neighbor's Voice	Arthur Godfrey (con.) Make Up Your Mind Howard Miller Show

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Weekday	Noon News 12:05 Here's Hollywood	Valentino Frank Farrell	Wendy Warren & The News Backstage Wife Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Weekday	News, Cedric Foster Luncheon At Sardi's Letter To Lee Graham	Paul Harvey, News Ted Malone	Road Of Life Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2.45	Weekday	News, Sam Hayes 2:05 Luncheon With Lopez America's Front Door	Martin Block	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30	Weekday Hotel For Pets	Ruby Mercer Show	Martin Block (con.)	Linkletter's House Party Fred Robbins Show
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Right To Happiness Stella Dallas Young Widder Brown Pepper Young's Family	Bruce & Dan	Broadway Matinee Treasury Bandstand	
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Weekday Lone Ranger 5:55 Dan'l Boone	Bob And Ray 5:55 Cecil Brown	Musical Express Bobby Hammack Gloria Parker Vincent Lopez	

Monday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABC Reporter Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Jackson & The News Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter In The Mood	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Listen	Scoreboard 7:05 Tennessee Ernie Bing Crosby Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Henry Taylor Boston Symphony Orchestra	True Detective John Steele, Adventurer	Listen 8:25 News Voice Of Firestone	My Son, Jeep Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Telephone Hour Band Of America	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Footnotes to History Spotlight Story Reporters' Roundup	News 9:05 Listen 9:25 News Listen 9:55 News	News 9:05 Jack Carson Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee & Molly News 10:20 Heart Of The News Stars In Action	Virgil Pinkley Orchestra Distinguished Artists	News, Edward P. Morgan How To Fix It Martha Lou Harp	Scoreboard 10:05 Dance Orchestra

Tuesday Evening Programs

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
6:00 6:30 6:45	Three Star Extra	Local Program	Bill Stern, Sports	Jackson & The News Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Eddie Fisher	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Listen	Scoreboard 7:05 Tennessee Ernie Bing Crosby Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30	People Are Funny Dragnet	Treasury Agent	Listen 8:25 News Bishop Sheen	My Son, Jeep Johnny Dollar Suspense
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	News 9:05 NBC Radio Theater	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Footnotes To History Spotlight Story Army Hour	Listen 9:25 News Listen 9:55 News	News 9:05 Jack Carson Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee & Molly News 10:20 Citizens In Action Treasury Of Stars	Virgil Pinkley Men's Corner Dance Music	News, Edward P. Morgan How To Fix It Take Thirty	$64,000 Question

Wednesday Evening Programs

6:00 6:30 6:45	Three Star Extra	Local Program	Bill Stern, Sports	Jackson & The News Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter In The Mood	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Listen	Scoreboard 7:05 Tennessee Ernie Bing Crosby Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30	News College Varieties College Quiz Bowl	Gangbusters Public Prosecutor	Listen 8:25 News Listen	My Son, Jeep Johnny Dollar FBI In Peace And War
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	You Bet Your Life —Groucho Marx Truth Or Consequences 9:55 Travel Bureau	News, Lyle Van Spotlight Story Family Theater	Listen 9:25 News Listen	News 9:05 Jack Carson Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee & Molly 10:20 This Is Moscow Keys To The Capitol	Virgil Pinkley Sounding Board	News, Edward P. Morgan How To Fix It Relaxin' Time	Scoreboard 10:05 Newsmakers Presidential Report

Thursday Evening Programs

6:00 6:30 6:45	Three Star Extra	Local Program	Bill Stern, Sports	Jackson & The News Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr Behind The Iron Curtain Gabriel Heatter Eddie Fisher	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Listen	Scoreboard 7:05 Tennessee Ernie Bing Crosby Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30	News Great Gildersleeve The Goon Show	Official Detective Brady Kaye	Listen 8:25 News Listen 8:55 News, Griffith	My Son, Jeep Johnny Dollar Disk Derby,
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	News 9:05 X Minus One Conversation	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Footnotes to History Spotlight Story State Of The Nation	Listen 9:25 News Listen 9:55 News	News 9:05 Jack Carson Bing Crosby Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee & Molly News 10:20 Joseph Harsch Jane Pickens Show	Virgil Pinkley Book Hunter Henry Jerome Orch.	News, Edward P. Morgan How To Fix It Front & Center	Scoreboard 10:05 Dance Orchestra

Friday Evening Programs

6:00 6:30 6:45	Three Star Extra	Local Program	Bill Stern, Sports	Jackson & The News Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter In The Mood	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Listen	Scoreboard 7:05 Tennessee Ernie Bing Crosby Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30	News 8:05 National Radio Fan Club	Counter-Spy City Editor	Listen 8:25 News Listen	My Son, Jeep Johnny Dollar Godfrey Digest
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	News 9:05 Radio Fan Club (con.) 9:55 News	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Football From Orange Bowl	Listen Listen	News 9:05 Jack Carson Bing Crosby Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall
10:00 10:15 10:30	Cavalcade Of Sports Sports Digest	Virgil Pinkley Forbes Report London Studios	News, Morgan How To Fix It Indoors Unlimited	Herman Hickman 10.05 Dance Orchestra

Inside Radio

Saturday

Morning Programs

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	World News Roundup	Local Program	Van Voorhis, News 8:35 Doug Browning Show	News
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Farming Business Monitor		No School Today	News Of America Farm News Garden Gate
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Monitor	American Travel Guide	No School Today (con.) Moppets & Melody 10:55 News	News 10:05 Galen Drake Show 10:55 News, LeSueur
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Monitor	Lucky Pierre Johnny Desmond Show 11:55 Young Living	News 11:05 Lady In The Circle Van Voorhis, News 11:35 All League Clubhouse	Robert Q. Lewis Show

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	National Farm & Home Hour Monitor	I Asked You Tex Fletcher Wagon Show	News 12:05 How To Fix It 101 Ranch Boys Van Voorhis, News 12:35 American Farmer	Noon News 12:05 Romance Gunsmoke
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Monitor	Football—Game of the Week from Notre Dame	Football Van Voorhis, News 1:35 Football (con.)	City Hospital 1:25 News Kathy Godfrey
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Monitor	Football (con.)	Football (con.) Van Voorhis, News 2:35 Football (con.)	News 2:05 Football Roundup
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Monitor	Football (con.)	Football (con.)	News 3:05 Football Roundup (con.)
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Monitor	Football (con.)	Football (con.) Van Voorhis, News 4:35 Football	Football Roundup (con.)
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Monitor	Teenagers, U.S.A. 5:55 News	News 5:05 Dinner At The Green Room Van Voorhis, News	Football Roundup (con.)

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Monitor	John T. Flynn World Traveler Report From Washington Basil Heatter	News 6:05 Pan-American Union Sports Kaleidoscope Bob Edge, Sports Afield	News Sports Review Young Ideas 6:55 Joe Foss, Sports
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Monitor The Big Surprise	Pop The Question Magic Of Music, Doris Day	News 7:05 At Ease Labor-Management Series	News, Jackson 7:05 Juke-Box Jury Top Hat Concert
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Monitor	Musical Wheel Of Charm Quaker City Capers	News 8:05 Dance Party Van Voorhis, News 8:35 Dance Party (con.)	News 8:05 Country Style
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Monitor	Hawaii Calls Lombardo Land	News 9:05 Dance Party (con.) Van Voorhis, News 9:35 Dance Party (con.)	News 9:05 Philadelphia Orchestra
10:00 10:15 10:30	Monitor Grand Ole Opry	CBC Symphony Orch.	News 10:05 Hotel Edison Van Voorhis, News 10:35 Lawrence Welk	Henry Jerome Orch.

Sunday

Morning Programs

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Monitor		Light And Life Hour	Renfro Valley 8:55 Galen Drake
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	World News Roundup Art Of Living	Wings Of Healing Back To God	News 9:05 Great Moments Of Great Composers 9:25 Van Voorhis, News Voice Of Prophecy	World News Roundup Sidney Walton Show Church Of The Air
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	National Radio Pulpit Monitor	Radio Bible Class Voice Of Prophecy	News 10:05 Message Of Israel News 10:35 College Choir	News 10:05 Invitation To Learning—Reappraisals The Leading Question
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Monitor 11:35 New World	Frank And Ernest Christian Science Monitor Northwestern Reviewing Stand	Van Voorhis, News 11:05 Sunday Melodies Marines On Review News 11:35 Christian In Action	News 11:05 E. Power Biggs Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Monitor The Eternal Light	Marine Band News, Bill Cunningham Merry Mailman	Van Voorhis, News 12:35 The World Tomorrow	News, Robert Trout 12:05 Washington Week World Affairs Les Elgart Orch.
1:00 1:15 1:30	Monitor	Basil Heatter, News Christian Science Lutheran Hour	Herald Of Truth News 1:35 Pilgrimage	Woolworth Hour—Percy Faith, Donald Woods
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	The Catholic Hour	Professional Football	Dr. Oral Roberts Wings Of Healing	Symphonette New York Philharmonic-Symphony
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Monitor	Professional Football (con.)	News 3:05 Pan American Union Van Voorhis, News 3:35 Billy Graham	Symphony (con.) 3:55 News
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Monitor	Salute To The Nation Nick Carter 4:55 Lorne Greene	Old-Fashioned Revival Hour	On A Sunday Afternoon
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Monitor 5:05 Your Radio Theater	Adventures of Rin Tin Tin Wild Bill Hickok 5:55 News	News 5:05 Church In The Home 5:25 Van Voorhis, News Greatest Story Ever Told	News 5:05 On A Sunday Afternoon News 5:35 On A Sunday Afternoon

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Meet The Press Monitor	Walter Winchell Tomorrow's Headlines On The Line, Bob Considine All Star Sport Time	Monday Morning Headlines 6:15 Lifetime Living News 6:35 Evening Comes	News 6:05 Make Way For Youth Gary Crosby
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Monitor	Richard Hayes Show	News 7:05 Showtime Revue Van Voorhis, News 7:35 Valentino Travel Talk	Bergen-McCarthy Show
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Monitor	West Point Band Enchanted Hour	American Town Meeting	Our Miss Brooks Two For The Money
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Monitor	John Randolph Hearst Success Story Manion Forum Keep Healthy	News, Paul Harvey News, E. D. Canham Van Voorhis, News 9:35 Sammy Kaye 9:55 News	News 9:05 Music Hall, Mitch Miller 9:55 John Derr, Sports
10:00 10:15 10:30	Monitor Joseph C. Harsch American Forum	Billy Graham Global Frontiers	Overseas Assignment It's Time Revival Time	News, Schorr 10:05 Face The Nation Church Of The Air

See Next Page→

TV program highlights

NEW YORK CITY AND SUBURBS AND NEW HAVEN, CHANNEL 8, NOVEMBER 8—DECEMBER 11

Monday through Friday

7:00 (4) **Today**—Make way for Garroway
8:00 (2) **Captain Kangaroo**—New baby-sitter
9:00 (2) **Skinner Show**—Nice & easygoin'
(4) **Herb Sheldon**—Plus Jo McCarthy
(7) **Russell's Corner**—Warm for winter
9:30 (2) **Morning Matinee**—Hour-long films
10:00 (2) **Garry Moore**—The joint jumps
(4) & [8] **Ding Dong School**—TV nursery
10:30 (2) **Godfrey Time**—Time to live a little
(4) & [8] **Hollywood Backstage**—Make-up hints
11:00 (4) **Home**—With Arlene Francis
(5) **Life With Elizabeth**—A funny gal
(7) **Romper Room**—TV kindergarten
11:15 (5) **Janet Dean, R.N.**—Ella Raines stars
11:30 (2) & [8] **Strike It Rich**—Hull-hearted quiz
(5) **Mr. & Mrs. North**—Light-hearted
11:45 (5) **Beulah**—Comedy with Louise Beavers
12:00 (2) **Valiant Lady**—Daytime serial
(4) **Tennessee Ernie**—Pea-pickin' time
(5) **Johnny Olsen's Fun House**
12:15 (2) & [8] **Love Of Life**—Daily serial
12:30 (2) & [8] **Search For Tomorrow**—Serial
(4) **Feather Your Nest**—$$$ Quiz
(5) **Virginia Graham**—A lively gal
12:45 (2) & [8] **The Guiding Light**—Serial
1:00 (2) **Jack Paar Show**—He's nimble & quick
(4) **One Is For Sheldon**—A nice guy
1:30 (2) **Welcome Travelers**—From NYC
(4) **Sky's The Limit**—Quiz game
2:00 (2) **Robert Q. Lewis Show**—Qute!
(4) **Richard Willis**—Grooming tips
(5) **Maggi McNellis**—For women only
2:30 (2) & [8] **Linkletter's House Party**
(4) **Jinx Falkenburg**—Interviews
(11) **Florian ZaBach**—Fiddle-faddle
3:00 (2) & [8] **The Big Pay-Off**—Loot-laden
(4) **Matinee Theater**—Teledramas
(9) **Ted Steele Show**—Tunes & talk
(11) **Dione Lucas**—Cooking delights
3:30 (2) **Bob Crosby Show**—Swings out
(4) **It Pays To Be Married**—Quiz-type
(11) **Candid Camera**—Fun with Funt
4:00 (2) & [8] **Brighter Day**—Serialized story
(4) **Way Of The World**—Serial
4:15 (2) & [8] **Secret Storm**—Always brewin'
(4) **First Love**—Younger years
(5) **Letter To Lee Graham**—Human
4:30 (2) & [8] **On Your Account**—$$$ Quiz
(4) **Mr. Sweeney**—Chuckles with Ruggles

EARLY EVENING

5:00 (7) & [8] **Mickey Mouse Club**—Delightful
5:30 (4) **Howdy Doody**—Keeps kids quiet
6:00 (2) **News & Weather**—Up-to-date
7:15 (2) **Douglas Edwards & The News**
(5) **Tex McCrary**—Gets around New York
7:30 (4) & [8] **Songs**—Tony Martin, Mon.; Dinah Shore, Tues., Thurs.; Eddie Fisher, Wed., Fri.
(9) **Million Dollar Movies**—"Casanova Brown," Gary Cooper, Nov. 7-13; "Heart of the Matter," Nov. 14-20; "Belle of the Yukon," Randolph Scott, Dinah Shore, Nov. 21-27; "Woman in the Window," Joan Bennett, Edward G. Robinson, Nov. 29-Dec. 4; "The Man Between," James Mason, Hildegarde Neff, Dec. 5-11

LATE NIGHT

10:00 (9) **Million Dollar Movies**—Repeat of schedule shown at 7:30 P.M.
11:00 (2), (4) & (5) **News & Weather**
(11) **Liberace**—Wavy-haired virtuoso
11:15 (2) **Late Show**—Feature films
(4) **Steve Allen**—Carbonated variety
1:00 (9) **Night Time, New York**—Live show Wed. through Sun., from 1:00 to 7:00 A.M.

Monday P.M.

7:30 (2) **Robin Hood**—Romantic robbery
(5) **The Lone Wolf**—Louis Hayward howls
8:00 (2) **Burns & Allen**—Delirious duo
(4) **Caesar Presents**—Sid & cast, except Nov. 14, **Producers' Showcase,** 8:00-9:30
(7) & [8] **Digest Drama**—True stories
8:30 (2) **Godfrey's Talent Scouts**—Variety
(7) & [8] **Voice Of Firestone**—Fine music
9:00 (2) **I Love Lucy**—Very Desi stuff
(4) **The Medic**—Doctors, *Dragnet*-style
(7) **Dotty Mack**—Variety & mimicry
9:30 (2) **December Bride**—Lovely, lively!
(4) **Robert Montgomery Presents**
(7) & [8] **Medical Horizons**—Factual
10:00 (2) & [8] **Studio One**—Hour-long dramas
(7) **Eddie Cantor**—Pop-eyed comedy
10:30 (4) & [8] **Big Town**—Mark Stevens is big

Tuesday

7:30 (2) **Name That Tune**—George DeWitt
(5) **Waterfront**—Adventure, Pres Foster
(7) & [8] **Warner Bros. Presents**
8:00 (2) **Navy Log**—Exciting documentaries
(4) **Milton Berle**—Nov. 8, 29; **Martha Raye**—Nov. 15; **Bob Hope**—Nov. 22
8:30 (2) **You'll Never Get Rich**—Phil Silvers
(7) & [8] **Wyatt Earp**—Frontier marshal
9:00 (2) **Meet Millie**—Comedy series
(4) **Jane Wyman's Fireside Theater**
(7) & [8] **Make Room For Daddy**
9:30 (2) **Red Skelton Show**—Howlarious
(4) **Pontiac & Circle Theaters**—Hour dramas, alternate weekly
(5) **City Assignment**—Headline drama
(7) & [8] **DuPont Cavalcade Theater**
10:00 (2) & [8] **$64,000 Question**—Hal March
(7) **Ethel And Albert**—Lynch & Bunce
10:30 (2) **My Favorite Husband**—Comedy
(7) **Where Were You?**—Ken Murray

Wednesday

7:30 (2) **Brave Eagle**—Cheyenne Chief
(5) **The Big Fight**—Historical bouts
(7) & [8] **Disneyland**—Hour of fantasy
8:00 (2) & [8] **Godfrey & Friends**—Hour fun
(4) **Screen Directors Playhouse**
8:30 (4) (& [8] at 9:30) **Father Knows Best**
(7) & [8] **M-G-M Parade**—Half-hour films
(9) **Movie Museum**—Like Mary Pickford
9:00 (2) **Millionaire**—Stories about $$$
(4) **Kraft Theater**—Superb teleplays
(7) & [8] **Masquerade Party**—Guess who
9:30 (2) **I've Got A Secret**—Moore's mum
(7) & [8] **Penny To A Million**—$$$ quiz
10:00 (2) & [8] **U.S. Steel Hour**—alternates with **20th Century-Fox Hour**
(4) **This Is Your Life**—Surprise bios
10:30 (4) **Doug Fairbanks Presents**—Stories

Thursday

7:00 (5) **The Goldbergs**—Warm & funny
8:00 (2) **Bob Cummings Show**—Farce frenzy
(4) & [8] **Groucho Marx**—Wit's end
(7) **Bishop Fulton J. Sheen**—Talks
8:30 (2) **Climax**—Melodrama; Dec .1, **Shower Of Stars**—Musical
(4) **People's Choice**—Jackie Cooper
(5) **Long John Silver**—Robert Newton
(7) **Stop The Music**—Bert Parks shells out
9:00 (4) **Dragnet**—Jack Webb stars
(5) **Wrestling**—Live documentary
(7) & [8] **Star Tonight**—Filmed dramas
9:30 (2) **Four Star Playhouse**—On film
(4) (& [8] at 10:30) **Ford Theater**—Good
(7) & [8] **Down You Go**—Dr. Evans
10:00 (4) & [8] **Lux Video Theater**—Hour long
10:30 (2) **"Wanted"**—About real public enemies

Friday

7:30 (2) **Adventures Of Champion**—Giddap
(7) & [8] **Rin Tin Tin**—About a dog
8:00 (2) **Mama**—Peggy Wood charms
(4) **Truth Or Consequences**—Exciting
(7) & [8] **Ozzie & Harriet**—Fun
(11) **I Search For**—Documentary
8:30 (2) **Our Miss Brooks**—Ardently Eve
(4) **Life of Riley**—Bill Bendix stars
(7) & [8] **Crossroads**—About clergymen
9:00 (2) **The Crusader**—Exposes Communists
(4) **Big Story**—About real newsmen
(7) & [8] **Dollar A Second**—Jan Murray
9:30 (2) **Schlitz Playhouse**—Filmed stories
(4) **Star Stage**—Half-hour dramas
(7) & [8] **The Vise**—British suspense
(11) **Duffy's Tavern**—Gags on the rocks
10:00 (2) **The Line-Up**—City police in action
(4) **Boxing**—At Madison Square Garden
10:30 (2) **Person To Person**—Ed Murrow

Saturday

6:30 (2) **The Lucy Show**—Re-runs
7:30 (2) **Beat The Clock**—Collyer carries on
(4) **The Big Surprise**—$100,000 quiz
8:00 (2) & [8] **Stage Show**—The Dorseys & June Taylor Dancers plus name-guest stars
(4) **Perry Como Show**—Hour of variety
8:30 (2) & [8] **The Honeymooners**—Jackie Gleason, Art Carney, Audrey Meadows
9:00 (2) **Two For The Money**—Shriner
(4) **People Are Funny**—Linkletter; Nov. 26, 9-10:30: "Dearest Enemy," Anne Jeffreys, Robert Sterling
(7) & [8] **Lawrence Welk**—Bubbly music
9:30 (2) **It's Always Jan**—Janis Paige stars; Nov. 19: **Star Jubilee,** 9:30-11—"Caine Mutiny Court-Martial"
(4) **Durante Show**—Comedy
10:00 (2) **Gunsmoke**—Thrilling Western
(4) **George Gobel**—Mighty Mouse!
10:30 (2) **Damon Runyon Theater**—Stories
(4) & [8] **Your Hit Parade**—Musical

Sunday

3:30 (2) **Camera Three**—Multi-award winner
4:00 (4) **Hallmark Playhouse**—Alternates with **Wide Wide World**—Travelogue
4:30 (2) **Amos 'n' Andy**—Tim Moore as Kingfish
5:00 (2) **Omnibus**—90-minute variety
6:30 (2) & [8] **You Are There**—Vivid
7:00 (2) **Lassie**—Canine pin-up queen
(4) **It's A Great Life**—Great laffs
(5) **The Lively Arts**—Two hours of culture
(7) & [8] **You Asked For It**—Art Baker
7:30 (2) & [8] **Jack Benny**—Nov. 20, Dec. 3; **Private Secretary**—Nov. 13, 27, Dec. 10
(4) **Frontier**—Shoot-em-ups; Dec. 4: **Spectacular,** starring Maurice Chevalier
(7) **Famous Film Festival**—Four-star movies premiere on television
8:00 (2) & [8] **Ed Sullivan Show**—Top acts
(4) **Colgate Variety Hour**—Comedy
8:30 (11) **Dangerous Encounter**—Jerome Thor stars
9:00 (2) **G-E Theater**—Ronald Reagan, host
(4) **The A-G Hour**—Live teleplays
(7) & [8] **Chance Of A Lifetime**—Variety
9:30 (2) **Alfred Hitchcock Presents**—Drama
(7) & [8] **Life Begins At 80**—Lots of fun
10:00 (4) **Loretta Young Show**—Stories
(7) & [8] **Break The Bank**—Bert Parks
(11) **Studio 57**—Half-hour dramas
10:30 (2) & [8] **What's My Line?**—Job game
(4) **Justice**—Crime stories
(7) **Mr. District Attorney**—David Brian

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Walter Winchell now on MUTUAL



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Glamour Is a State of Mind

(*Continued from page* 38)

you're Marjorie Gateson, aren't you?" And Marjorie, scarcely able to refrain from kissing them on the spot, somehow manages a gracious: "My dear, I'll never forgive you if you stop bothering me."

It is not unusual that an actress who has starred in musical comedies and been featured in over a hundred movies should find her greatest fame in television. What makes it unusual is that the actress was one of the gayest, most sophisticated light comediennes of the theater—and television has type-cast her as a mother in daytime drama. For three and a half years, she was Mother Barbour in *One Man's Family;* and now, in *The Secret Storm,* she is Haila Stoddard's mother—or, more importantly, Peter Hobbs' adoring mother-in-law.

Describing her part, Marjorie says: "Grace is the smart social leader in a small town—always doing good deeds. She's kind of an independent gal, for which I rather like her. One minute, she's deep in prayer—the next, she's dancing happily with her granddaughter."

To many women who follow the show daily, Marjorie's part means much more than that. Grace Tyrell has come to symbolize the Modern Mother—the kind of person they, too, would like to be. A charming woman who goes along with her age, no one will ever remember her as "Mama"—and you'd certainly never call her "Ma." Somehow, she's "Mother"—and an individual in her own right. Her duties are no longer confined to the home alone, they extend to the whole community. Her interests go beyond family to encompass the world.

But above all, Mother is ageless. In experience, she's as old as eternity, but in her zest for living she's as young as her grandchildren. No longer buried in the kitchen—an old-fashioned homebody who doesn't know what's going on in the world—she bridges the gap between the generations with her intelligent understanding and her sympathetic heart.

In appearance, Mother is smart and well-groomed. A real glamour girl, without being a Marlene Dietrich about it, and always chic, without being a Gloria Swanson. And many a woman, whether she identifies herself with Grace Tyrell or not, watches *The Secret Storm* with special interest to see what Marjorie Gateson happens to be wearing today.

Marjorie never fails them. "As a matter of fact," she says, "I've got theories about that. Most clothes are designed for young women, so that older women must either wear copies or slight modifications. But an older woman always looks younger by going along with her years and wearing clothes that are smart rather than frivolous."

Marjorie not only wishes that designers would be more creative in the dresses they design for older women, but if *they* don't do something about it, *she* will.

"I could do a whole television program," she says, "on that one subject alone!"

The program, if she ever gets a chance to do it, will be more in line with the real Marjorie Gateson. For while Marjorie may symbolize Mother in daytime TV, in private life she has no children, nor has she ever been married. She lives alone in a midtown Manhattan hotel—gay, busy and useful—so that one can't help wondering: Which is the greater role—the one on-stage or off? In private life, Marjorie is not only an inspiration to her friends but proof to thousands of other women who are not wives and mothers: A single woman *can* lead a life of beauty and purpose.

"I was born on the seventeenth of January," Marjorie says, trying to explain how she got to be the way she is. "That's Capricorn—the goat." And then she points to the tiniest pair of feet in television as though to prove her point. High-heeled and petite, they don't look like goat's feet, but they were obviously designed for dancing and prancing.

But Marjorie shakes her head in mock dismay, aware that a mere man can't possibly understand.

"Capricorn's an awful sign for a woman to be born under. It's only a goat's life. You work your whole life through, always climbing a lot of rocks to get to that patch of grass on the ledge above. Then, when you've eaten up all that grass, you have to climb still higher to get to the patch of grass on the next ledge. You're always climbing."

Yet even as she says it, it's clear: Marjorie wouldn't have had it any other way. As for the astrology—well, when you're an actress and so much of your time is spent waiting for the miracle of the next part, you can't help looking about for signs. So one day, you go with your girl friend to have your horoscope read and—in spite of yourself—it's amazing some of the things that come out.

Not that Marjorie takes it too seriously—not with her background.

"I come from an Episcopal clergyman family," she reminds you. "My grandfather was rector of the Church of St. Marks, and my brother, The Reverend Dr. Wilmot Gateson, officiated at The Church of the Saviour in Philadelphia."

Her mother, however, despite the family background, was hopelessly stage-struck. But when Augusta Virginia Smith married Daniel Gateson, a Brooklyn contractor, at the age of seventeen, any notions of going on the stage were out of the question. But that didn't keep her from becoming a dramatic coach, as well as a student of Browning and Shakespeare. And of her four children, two were to become actresses. One eventually gave up acting to marry a doctor. The youngest, however, was so busy climbing the grassy ledges of success in the theater, she never did get around to marrying.

"And it's not that I've never been asked," Marjorie is quick to interject.

From the very start, she loved the theater, with a fervor that amounted to dedication. And from the very start, somehow, she knew: No woman can honestly have two loves.

In Brooklyn, she attended the Packer Collegiate Institute and studied voice and piano at the Conservatory of Music. By today's standards, this can scarcely be considered an adequate preparation for the stage. "But then," as Marjorie points out, "everything is made too easy today."

She has been reading Ethel Barrymore's autobiography and is impressed by the differences between today's generation of actors and yesterday's. Like Ethel, no one ever *told* Marjorie how to act. They "learned in the school of hard work." And like Ethel, the story of Marjorie's career has all the glamour and excitement of leafing through an old theatrical scrapbook—wondering whatever became of yesteryear's greats.

Marjorie's first job was with Walter Damrosch, who was staging a Broadway musical called "The Dove of Peace" as well as conducting symphony orchestras. Her next show was Abe Erlanger's production of "The Little Cafe," and Marjorie got the job simply by answering an ad for a chorus girl. Within nine months, she was taken from the chorus and made understudy to the three leading ladies in the show.

And then it happened! It wasn't just a case of the leading lady taking ill and the understudy rushing in to take her place. Three leading ladies fell ill on three consecutive nights. Marjorie played each of their parts so well that Mr. Erlanger raised her salary from twenty-five dollars a week to an unheard-of fifty!

In her third Broadway musical, "Her Soldier Boy," Marjorie was already a featured player. This show is still remembered for the song that goes, "*Pack Up your troubles in your old kit bag and smile, smile, smile.*" Not a bad theme song for a young actress who still had a long way to climb in the theater. Marjorie played in the New York production, starring Clifton Crawford and John Charles Thomas, and also in the touring company the following season, starring Clifton Crawford. Then, back on Broadway, she was featured in a succession of musical comedies: "Fancy Free" ("with the lovely Marilyn Miller"), "Little Simplicity," "Little Miss Charity," "The Love Letter," and "For Goodness' Sake."

After scoring as the prima donna in "Lady Butterfly," she proved her versatility by playing lead in a straight comedy, "Strange Bedfellows." This was done at the insistence of producer-director-actor Henry Miller, who first recognized Marjorie's possibilities as a dramatic actress. That he was right is proven by the stage credits that followed: "The Man in Evening Clothes," starring Mr. Miller; "Oh, Ernest"; an all-star production of Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; David Belasco's "Hidden"; the "sophisticated lead" opposite Taylor Holmes in "The Great Necker"; a featured role with Otto Kruger in C. B. Dillingham's last production, "As Good As New"; and Mrs. Maurant in "Street Scene." During this stage of her career, Marjorie not only sang in vaudeville but also began her long and successful career in radio. By the time Paramount signed her and she went to Hollywood, she had played everything—as she says—"but burlesque and the circus."

In Hollywood, she was to appear in over a hundred films. Her first was "The Beloved Bachelor," with Paul Lukas; then "The False Madonna," "Street of Women" and "First Lady"—all with Kay Francis. Her biggest role was the lead opposite George Arliss in "The King's Vacation," but there were also good parts in "Geronimo"; "The Milky Way," with Harold Lloyd; "Stablemates," with Mickey Rooney; and "Private Number," with Robert Taylor and Loretta Young.

"I liked the life in Hollywood," she recalls. "One could play tennis, listen to good music, own his own home. I much prefer entertaining my friends at home."

Pleasant as the life was, however, Marjorie left Hollywood in 1944 to go overseas during the war. Joining the USO, she starred in a unit touring Italy with a production of "Kiss and Tell."

"It was the greatest privilege anyone could have," she says. "And the most fun!" Some of the soldiers had never seen a stage play, and Marjorie's troupe

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were the first *round actors* (as opposed to the *flat actors* on motion picture screens) they had ever seen. It was hard for Marjorie herself to go back to being a flat actor again. After the war, she toured the West Coast in a production of "Dear Ruth," then returned to Broadway to appear with Bobby Clark in a revival of "Sweethearts." Since then, except for "The Caddy"—a Martin and Lewis picture she made two years ago—she has concentrated on TV.

And although the theater was to deny Marjorie a husband, television was to give her a family. First, it was *One Man's Family.* Now it's the cast of *The Secret Storm.* The characters on the show are very real to her, and she identifies herself with their problems. Her "daughter" may be the villainess, but Marjorie understands her and—

"Well, I was a wreck that time I had to denounce her," she recalls.

But most of all, Marjorie is grateful for the close feeling she has with the rest of the cast. "Acting on television is an ulcer-making way of earning a living," she explains. "It's a constant opening night with no second night for improvements. When it's done, it's done." The cast of a daytime television drama not only spend a great deal of time together, but are "under such nervous tension—all at the same time—that they can't help being sympathetic with one another."

But even away from the show, time never hangs heavy for Marjorie. There's too much to do. Every summer, she tours the "citronella circuit"—reminding herself as well as her public that she's still a darned good comedienne. Every winter, she meets each week with Actors Equity—she's been on the Council for the past nine years. And every day, no matter how busy her schedule, she manages to visit a widowed sister who is now hopelessly ill—and for whom Marjorie has assumed complete responsibility. Marjorie also has a pet charity, the White Lily Orphanage in Korea, for which she knits and collects clothing. Among the four hundred children housed in the orphanage that was built originally for one hundred, there is a little girl named Marjorie, after their good friend in America.

In addition, she shares with other women the job of keeping house. Somehow, Marjorie has taken a suite in a midtown theatrical hotel and converted it into a country home. You don't see the department store across the way, you just see the plants in the window. And, relaxing in an easy chair before the open fireplace, it isn't like being in New York—it's like being *home.* And Marjorie herself is likely to be singing in her well-stocked kitchen, rustling up one of the meals for which she is famous among her friends.

If she seems happier than most women, it's because—as she says—"I have wonderful health and wonderful friends." If there are any personal troubles of her own, she has long since learned to pack them up in her old kit bag and smile, smile, smile.

And, even at night, when the friends go home—Marjorie is never really alone. Hanging on the wall above her bed is a gilt statuette of St. Anthony, whom she long ago adopted as her patron saint because—"Well, he's the one who finds things for you."

And what does Marjorie want Saint Anthony to find for her?

Without a moment's hesitation, she replies: "Peace of mind, health for my sister, lots of work, and—if I lose a jewel—to find it for me." She smiles—a dazzling smile straight out of musical comedy. "A jewel can mean anything, you know."

And the dazzling smile, one wonders what it was meant to convey—a role as great as any she ever had . . . or could it mean a husband?

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T V R

The Long Way Home

(*Continued from page* 60)

from the first home Sid knew. That was the four-room apartment in Yonkers, a suburb of New York City, where Sid's parents were living on September 8, 1922—the day that Sid made his debut into the world. That apartment was just the first of a series of flats the family lived in during Sid's youth. When Sid was three, the family moved to a larger place near by, until the Depression came and they were forced to move out.

At that time, in 1929, Sid's father was running a restaurant. It was called the St. Clair Lunch, and there was a hotel above it. "That was quite a place," Sid recalls. "For fifty cents a night, you could get a room without a window. For seventy-five cents, the room had a window and a rope tied to the radiator for use as a fire escape."

When the Depression hit, the family preempted five rooms of the hotel and moved into those. (Sid doesn't say whether or not the rooms had windows.)

After five years at the hotel, the family lived in at least three more apartments, all very much alike. These were the first homes that Sid Caesar knew. It was in these places that he lived while he went to school—while he learned to play the saxophone during high school days—and while he took note of the idiosyncrasies of the patrons of his father's restaurant, memorizing these peculiarities and imitating them for his friends.

Those saxophone lessons, and his antics portraying those unusual characters, were to stand him in good stead later on. The music was to introduce him to his lovely wife—and the comic portrayals were to take him to the top of the entertainment world.

After graduation from high school, in 1940, Sid decided he wanted to continue the study of music. He also wanted to join the New York local of the musicians' union. But he had to live in New York for six months before he could join, and during that time he could not play professionally. To support himself, he got a job as an usher at the Capitol Theater on Times Square.

"That was quite a job," Sid says. "I was paid fifteen dollars a week. Then I got a promotion. I was made doorman and got *eighteen* dollars a week. I got the job because the other doorman quit when it got too cold.

"At that time, I was living in a room in the apartment of a Mrs. Fuchs, near Madison Square Garden. It was wonderful. She served breakfast and dinner. For twenty cents, you got a breakfast of orange juice, cereal, two eggs and bacon, muffins and coffee. For dinner, you paid fifty cents and got soup, meat course, dessert and coffee. I paid five dollars a week for the room. It was quite a place! A lot of musicians lived there."

During this period, Sid took more music lessons. He also played with some top name bands, including Charlie Spivak, Claude Thornhill and Shep Fields.

But most important to Sid was the fact that during this same period—in the summer of 1942, to be exact—he met a girl. She was a beautiful girl, a graduate of Hunter College in Manhattan, named Florence Levy. She was a counselor at a girls' camp and Sid was playing with an orchestra at a near-by summer resort. It was a fateful meeting.

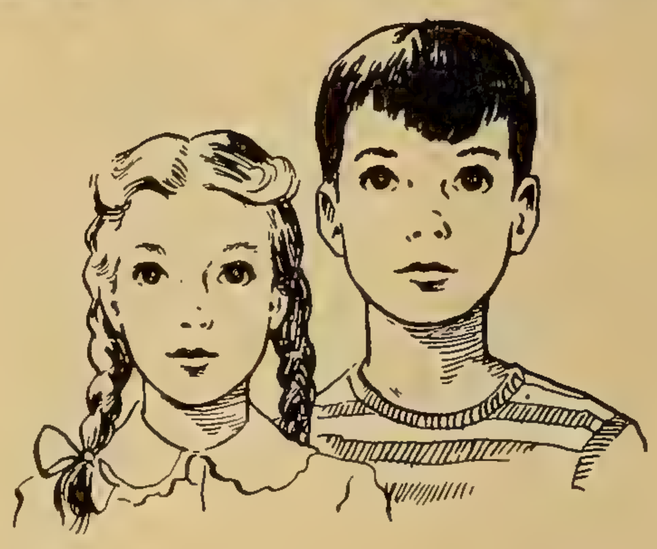
That November, Sid joined the Coast Guard. He describes the living quarters at the boot camp comically, but you get the feeling that it wasn't particularly funny at the time. "We were living in a regular bungalow like the ones people take for the summer. It was at Manhattan Beach, just outside New York City. There were fifty guys in that house—and there were two bathrooms to take care of us all. You can imagine what it was like. They were private bathrooms, of course, with only one of everything. And fifty guys had to wash in those two bathrooms in the morning and be ready for duty on time!"

In the Coast Guard Sid was assigned to the company of "Tars and Spars," a service musical show. He was assigned as a saxophone player, of course. But one day during rehearsals—when Sid thought only other members of the band were listening—he did an imitation of one of the Coast Guard officers. Then he branched off into some of his other imitations.

As luck would have it, Max Liebman, the civilian director of the show, saw and heard the fun and put Sid into the show as a comedian. That was the start of Sid's rise to fame.

The following year, 1943, Sid and Florence were married. They couldn't have too much time together, of course, because of Sid's duties in the service. But, whenever Sid could get liberty, he spent the time with Florence. And Florence went with the company to Palm Beach, where rehearsals were being held, and lived in hotels while Sid was barracked near by.

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Then came two years of living in trunks. The show was on the road, traveling all over the United States. The newlyweds lived in hotels and rooming houses, making do with whatever came to hand, but *being together,* as they felt a husband and wife should be.

At the end of 1945, Sid was discharged from the service. And, because "Tars and Spars" had been made into a movie and Sid had been liked in the movie, he had a film contract. Sid and Florence were fated to live in a series of places in Hollywood while he waited to fulfill that contract.

At first, they lived with the producer Sid was working for. It was a beautiful house in Beverly Hills, with a swimming pool and all the latest of everything. Then the pair moved into a shabby single room on La Cienega Boulevard, with a hot plate to cook on and dishes being washed in the bathroom basin. Two months later, the assistant producer took pity on them and invited them to share his house, another mansion in Beverly Hills, complete with swimming pool.

"That was something," Sid comments. "There we went from riches—to rags—to riches—all in a period of three months. A little unusual, to say the least."

Later, they had a small flat in Hollywood and spent another year and a half there. But, all this time, they had not had an actual home of their own, these two young people who were starting married life. It had all been a series of places in which nothing but their clothes belonged to them. It wasn't a particularly auspicious start for married life, and it didn't make for great contentment.

Back in New York, in 1946, Sid and Florence lived in a swank hotel where many Hollywood personalities stay. Then a sublet apartment in West 68th Street took them in. It was there that Sid first learned he was to become a father—and it was in the *next* flat they lived in, on West 58th Street, that Michele was born, on July 2, 1947.

"Then came our first real apartment," Sid will tell you. "It was in the Walden Apartments in Forest Hills. We had four and a half rooms and the furniture was *our own.* It was a big thrill to sit on a chair and know that it belonged to us, that it wasn't somebody else's. I remember giving a New Year's party there. We didn't have much furniture. But, boy, were we proud that what was there was all ours! That really meant something to us."

They lived there for two and a half years, Sid and Florence and baby Michele. During this time, Sid was becoming more and more popular on TV. In the year that they moved into that apartment, Sid appeared on *Broadway Revue*—and the next year he and Imogene Coca started the fabulously successful *Your Show Of Shows* for Max Liebman, who had discovered Sid in "Tars and Spars." Those years at the Walden Apartments were really great ones for Sid and Florence Caesar.

But, in 1951, the family moved into New York City, to an eight-room place on Park Avenue. This was destined to be their last "apartment," and it was there that their second child, Richard, was born, on February 18, 1952. They were also living there when Sid started his own show, *Caesar's Hour,* which became tremendously successful.

It was in February of this year that Sid and Florence made the great decision. They wanted a house. They were tired of living in apartments, where they were limited in the things they could do. They wanted a place of *their own*—one where they could tear out a wall or make other changes if they wanted to—one where they were free. Also, they wanted more room for the growing children. Yes, they wanted a house of their own, their first real, honest-to-goodness home.

They started looking. They looked at a number of places, but each had something wrong with it. "One place we looked at," Sid reports, "had a room completely finished in leather. The ceiling, the floor and all the walls were finished in hand-tooled leather." That sounds fine—but, as Sid adds softly: "You know, I don't *like* leather."

The couple were just about determined to buy some property and build their own home when they saw the one they finally bought. "It's funny," Sid says, "but that place just hit us right. We knew it was

the right one. You know how it is, you just know. That was the one."

They saw it in the latter part of April. It was unfinished in the interior, although people were living in it, and the grounds had not been landscaped. When Sid and Florence decided they wanted it, they wanted it in a hurry, with as little delay as possible.

Sid paid the people who were living in it a little extra to move out as soon as they could, and he extracted a promise from his contractor to have the house ready for the family by July first—an almost impossible job. But the Caesars moved in on July first, completely happy with their living arrangements, for the first time in their married life.

The house is large and has many lovely features. It is at Kings Point on Long Island, overlooking the water, and sits on about three acres of beautifully finished grounds. There are sixteen lovely rooms, all decorated in a happy combination of traditional and modern furniture that makes for gracious and comfortable living. "It's the sort of place," Sid sums up, "where you're not afraid to sit down."

One of the striking features inside the home is the living room. On the side which overlooks Manhasset Bay, there is a wall of windows thirty feet tall. The ceiling slopes down from those windows to the wall on the other side—which is eleven feet high. The room itself is fifty by twenty feet.

Outside, there is the swimming pool which Sid had built. One unusual but very practical feature here is the alarm, which can be turned on when no one is in the pool—and which rings when anything falls in and displaces so much as five pounds of water! The alarm is to protect the children, of course. There is a fence around the pool, too. Another safeguard for the children is a row of small trees planted along the low wall of the terrace, just in case one of the children falls off the wall—the young, resilient trees will break the fall.

On the Caesars' well-kept grounds there is also a dock, where Sid plans eventually to keep a boat, and a golf course of one hole and two tees, designed by a professional to help Sid with his game. There is a steam room under the terrace for Sid, and cabinets for his collection of guns—which is quite large and comprehensive. There are two spacious porches and a lovely patio. There is an office in the house, too.

The house itself is entirely air conditioned, and offers a great deal of wall space for the fine collection of pictures which Sid and Florence have amassed over the years and which now can be displayed to advantage for the first time.

While all of these things are important to the whole family, the most important thing to both Sid and Florence is that the house is *theirs*, all theirs. There is no more worrying about the furniture, making sure that someone doesn't put a scratch on it. There is no more "making do" with something, just because they can't change it.

This is their house, and it is their home—the home that they have dreamed of, over all the long years they lived in rented rooms, in furnished apartments, in other people's homes.

The Sid Caesars have come home at last. It is the culmination of a dream, the fulfillment of a promise, the realization of an ideal that started for Sid as a child in Yonkers, and for Florence on the day she married Sid "for better or worse."

It was a long way home, but the journey's end has been rewarding beyond all their dreams.



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MILES® NERVINE

He's a *Great* Granddad!

(*Continued from page* 68)

troupe that he had to be told a departure hour was thirty minutes in advance of the true time, because he would be shopping until the last minute for keepsakes for Mary and Joan. Some of the finest modern-Marine handcarving of native outriggers and temple ornaments brought genuine antique prices from a not entirely hoodwinked customer from Beverly Hills. It was in India that Jack—according to reports—would have been left behind if it hadn't been possible to hear him, over a mile's distance, hastening to the plane. They sell an awful lot of bells in Bombay.

Bearing this family devotion in mind, several local financial wizards called their brokers to order additional shares of telephone stock, when they learned that Joan Benny was to marry Seth Baker and live in New York—while Jack and Mary remained on the West Coast. Telephone dividends, the wizards figured, were certain to rise on the basis of fantastically increased long-distance tolls from coast to coast.

When the same shrewd gentlemen heard of Jack's impending grandfatherhood, they added still further telephone shares to their holdings. Well-informed sources say that this perspicacity has paid off—at least one such "wizard" bought a custom-made Cadillac the other day.

There is a story behind the long-distance telephone enthusiasm of the Bennys. As is rather well known by now, Jack and Mary met when Zeppo Marx and young Mr. Benny were invited by Mary's sister Babe—who was also in vaudeville and on the same bill with the boys—to enjoy a home-cooked meal in Vancouver, where Mary's family was then living. Mary was twelve at the time and was overwhelmed by the looks and charm of the "Walter Raleigh" of Waukegan.

It can't be recorded that Jack reciprocated her interest. Actually, there was in his deportment, a suggestion that—far from tossing down his cloak for her dry-footed comfort—he would have gagged her with it. Sub-teen Mary was stuck at the conversational stage of development and was trying hard to impress Mr. Benny—which might have been okay if he could have used any of her lines in his act afterward. But no such luck. Said Benny to Marx, "Get me out of here. What am I doing with this . . . this *kid?*"

Years passed. Mary and her family moved south to San Francisco and, once again, Jack was a dinner guest during a San Francisco booking. He excused himself as quickly as manners would allow. By the time Mary met Jack for the third time, the family was living in Los Angeles. By now, Mary had been graduated from high school and was working at the hosiery counter at the May Company (a long-time Benny radio gag which is actually based on truth).

Mary and her family caught Jack's act at the Orpheum, and he joined them afterward for a post-theater dinner. As Mary remembers, "He sounded a little like a jukebox with the needle stuck. He couldn't get off one subject: 'My, how you've changed!' "

The following day he strolled into the May Company shortly before noon and asked Mary to join him for lunch. She was so excited she couldn't swallow her coffee, much less a sandwich. That night they had dinner at what was, in those innocent days of 1926, one of downtown Los Angeles' *great* restaurants, The Victor Hugo. Mary had never been in the place before. Again, she was too thrilled to eat.

The following night Jack took her to the Cocoanut Grove, and Mary definitely had no appetite. She might have starved altogether if Jack hadn't left to keep his San Francisco booking, and from there worked his way northward, theater by theater. When he reached Seattle he learned that he had been re-booked in Los Angeles, so naturally he telephoned Mary to ask her to reserve a few dates while he was in town. He had learned—by the secret method of listening to Mary's conversation—that she had at least one beau who kept her evenings busy, so he felt he should clear the way.

When the long-distance call came in from Seattle—the first one Mary had ever received—she was so overcome that she couldn't think of anything to say. The fact that it was one o'clock in the morning and she had been awakened out of a sound sleep may also have had something to do with it. Plus the fact that her parents were having no trouble finding words to say how *they* felt about it all.

Mary's second long-distance conversation with Jack resulted from Mary's placing a call to her sister, Babe, in Chicago to announce that she was going to be married. Babe said Mary was too young, and why didn't she come to Chicago, where Babe was appearing on the same bill with Jack Benny, to discuss the matter. Jack got on the wire and seconded the motion. So Mary went to Chicago to talk over her "youthful unpreparedness for marriage"—and three days later, in Waukegan, married Jack. The date was January 14, 1927, and it marked the beginning of one of the greatest telephonic relationships on record.

Passing a practice from one generation to the next was easy, in this instance. When Joan Benny was a student at Stanford, an audit of the telephone expense indicated that her annual tuition was only slightly greater than her toll calls.

And then she married, moved East, and set out a welcome mat for the stork. During one of her calls last spring, Joan told her father that she and Seth had almost settled on a choice of names for the impending infant: "Jack" for a boy, "Jacqueline" for a girl. Jack considered. "Alexander Graham Baker might be a nice name," he murmured.

Always a quick man to respond to requests for benefit performances, Jack has always tried to adhere to one rule—that the site of the benefit be close at hand. Yet, in March, when he was asked to appear in Florida for a worthy cause—at the height of the radio and TV season, when every moment was precious—he said with alacrity, "I should be able to fly to New York, have a day with Joanie, fly to Florida, do the show, fly back to New York for a day with Joanie, and be home in time for the Sunday show." He made it.

Originally the stork's visit had been scheduled for July 7, so the Bennys, George and Gracie Allen Burns flew out of Los Angeles on July Fourth, in order to reach New York in plenty of time. George and Gracie were scheduled to serve as godparents for the infant, and also as shields against a nervous breakdown for corridor-pacing Jack.

July fifth passed without incident, except for the record-breaking heat and humidity, which—as George pointed out—could have been a mild reflection of Jack's blood pressure.

The sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth sweltered by, marked only by the nightly trips of the Bennys, the Burnses, and the Bakers to some air-cooled restaurant where they talked far into the closing hours. Inevitably, someone would stop at the table, fix Jack with a sympathetic eye and ask, "How are you getting along, Jack? *Really,* I mean."

It began to prey on Jack's already unsteady nervous system. He said to George Burns one evening, "How do *you* think I look?"

"About thirty-eight," said the man who has known him since he was eighteen.

On the night of July fifteenth, Paul Hahn (president of the American Tobacco Company) gave a party to which all the ladies- and gentlemen-in-waiting were invited. Joan had never looked lovelier—nor more remote from the hospital. Jack spent the evening trying to avoid people who wanted to tell him the joke about the twins who refused to be born because they were so polite that neither would go first.

At seven on the morning of a sweltering, shimmering July sixteenth, Seth telephoned to say that he and Joan were at the hospital. Jack and Mary were still trying to get showered, dressed, and breakfasted in order to charge into the waiting room when Seth called again at eight to say that Michael had made his debut. All critics' reviews were raves—Michael looked like a smash hit.

After their trip to the hospital to meet Michael and to check on Joan's condition (she was doing wonderfully), Jack and Mary departed to go on separate errands. Mary had postponed several weeks of essential shopping, not wanting to be away from Joan at a critical time, but now she could descend on the shops with an easy mind. She agreed to meet Jack at their Sherry-Netherland suite at five.

He was ten minutes late. "Because a fellow can't do a thing like this in a rush. There are too many details to be checked," he explained. Pridefully, he pulled the wrappings off a junior golf bag and a full set of clubs.

"Oh, *Jack!*" said Mary.

So far, however, Rochester has had the last word. When he was told that Jack was now known as "Grandfather, J.G."—and the "J.G." was identified as "Junior Grade"—he sniffed. "That's *nuthin',*" he said emphatically. "In twenty years, when Michael becomes a father, Mr. Benny will be the only great grandfather in the *new* Kinsey report—still thirty-nine."

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TV RADIO MIRROR

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Just Naturally Jan

(*Continued from page* 35)

fan magazine and organized a Janette Davis Fan Club. Over the years she saw Jan many times. Jan was touched by the girl's devotion. She tried to do little things for Grace without being obvious. Through a third friend, Jan arranged for Grace to get a little financial help with her correspondence costs. One day, she arranged for Grace to get the full glamour treatment at a beauty salon. Jan tried to keep her part in it a secret, but Grace caught on and said, "I just know it was you who did this, Jan."

Jan finally admitted it and added, "Nothing I've ever done can repay you for your faith in me."

"I didn't do anything," Grace insisted. "I just love you."

And that's what Jan meant to one person who got to know her.

It's always been difficult for Jan to find the time to meet with fan clubs—for, like the other Little Godfreys, she has a strenuous time of it with five morning shows and the big Wednesday-night TV program. There is rehearsing and grooming and shopping for clothes and listening to new songs and, finally, doing the shows.

Jan lives in a comfortable but very modest apartment in Manhattan during the work week. She is no show-off. She was making good money even before she joined Arthur. But she has never lived ostentatiously. For years she drove a moderately priced car. Friends used to ask why she didn't drive fancy cars or live in a mansion.

"Why should I?" she asked.

"Other singers in your class do."

"That's not a reason," Jan told them.

For many years, Jan wanted a house of her own. She left her family's home at sixteen to go to work and thereafter was always on the move. She constantly window-shopped for a house of her own. As her income increased, she saved more money, but she also contributed more to her family. The oldest of the Davis brood at Pine Bluff, Arkansas, Jan has always been loyal to the family. Finally, several years ago, she bought a house.

"Why did you wait so long?" she was asked.

"I couldn't afford a house before."

"But, in this business, who waits until they can afford it?"

That remark is pretty much the truth—and it is one of the things that makes Jan so different.

But she had one fixation about the home she had dreamt of for so many years: Everything had to be new—all of the furnishings and every ashtray and even the wash rags and tooth brushes. And that's the way it was, the day she moved in.

Jan had anticipated that day for years, but she recalls, "It was too much of everything at one time. It was all that I wanted, but it took weeks before I got used to living with it all."

The house, on the north shore of Long Island, was described in detail in the February 1955 issue of TV Radio Mirror. It is a white brick ranch house with long, handsome lines. The inside is spacious, with semi-modern furnishings. The decorating was done by a friend, Dottie Kendrick, who was once a professional decorator. The gals were in complete agreement, from the weathervane to the doormat.

Actually, Jan's tastes are simple. She likes nice clothes and selects plain, tailored dresses. Aqua is her favorite color. When relaxing, she wears pedal pushers, tweeds



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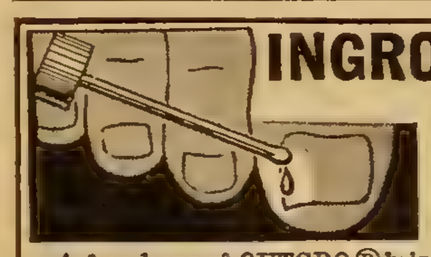
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and loafers. She still does her own nails and hair, and lives with her sister Carol, who has been her secretary and good right arm for the past five years.

Maxie Kendrick, husband of Dottie, has known Jan ever since she came to New York. He is a contact man (song-plugger, in Tin Pan Alley lingo) for one of the biggest music publishers, and that was how he came to meet Jan. He and Dottie and Jan are close friends and spend many evenings and weekends together.

"To me," says Maxie, "Jan has always been one of the most interesting persons in the business. She has a realistic approach to things, and that is rare. She sees things as they are. She has never acquired a celebrity's tastes or airs. If we go out to a night club, Jan insists that we don't sit at ringside. When she comes over for dinner, we know that she'll be happy to 'take her shoes off,' and more than satisfied with frankfurters and beans."

He tells another story about Jan which is revealing. She and Maxie were in a jewelry store before Christmas, hard at work gift-shopping. "I want to buy Carol a dinner ring," Jan announced, "but I'd be happier if she picked it out herself. Let's call and see if she can come over."

They phoned and Carol said she would be right over. "In the meantime," Jan told the jeweler, "I think I'm going to buy myself a present."

She studied the tray of rings and picked out one for herself. Then Carol came in, studied the assortment and chose one. At that point, the jeweler nervously called Maxie aside and informed him that Carol's ring cost much more than Jan's—and would Jan like this? Jan was asked. "I like my ring. Carol likes hers," Jan said. And that settled it.

Jan loves the sun and ocean. In summertime, you'll very often find her at Jones Beach, "living it up." After a swim, more often than not, she and her friends will stop in a market, pick up some groceries and go on to Jan's house—where they all take part in a cook-out.

"After a week's work, I live it up by living it down," she says. "I just want to relax and rest and maybe have some friends in. We just listen to records, watch TV, have many laughs—and everybody goes home happy."

Although Jan is feminine and pretty, she's got the strength and courage of a six-foot heavyweight. There's proof of this in her career. She got started as a kid with no one to hold her hand, or put ice packs on her head, and she made it to the top. During some of those years, she worked for as little as four dollars a night, and there were a couple of bad days when she was down to a couple of dimes and a quarter. She didn't run home to mother. She kept going.

She is a woman of conviction and proves her faith in people. She goes to bat for friends. She does not accept gossip as the gospel truth.

Jan has a reputation for being outspoken, often blunt, but it is her honesty. She will not keep someone or something dangling if she knows in her heart the answer is no. As cute and fetching as she is, Jan drives her car with the positive assurance of a man. She refuses to observe feminine timidities. If work keeps her in Manhattan late on a weekend night, she has no fear of driving alone to her house—an hour's trip—at one in the morning.

Maxie Kendrick tells of another incident concerning Jan. On the day she was robbed, about a year ago, he was very ill. Shortly after she arrived at the Kendricks' apartment to visit, Jan was notified that thieves had broken into her home, taking cash, jewelry, clothes and furs.

Jan talked to Carol, calming her, and finally hung up and continued her conversation with Maxie and Dot.

"Aren't you going back to your apartment?" Maxie asked.

"Why? What can I do about it now?"

And she stayed on for two hours, not interrupting the sick call.

Jan sees things and people and situations for what they are, and that goes for herself, too. Perhaps that is why she doesn't like the "glamour treatment." She tries to sing her best at all times. She is always honest, with herself and with her friends. For Jan, this is just doing what comes naturally, so she can't quite see why anyone should want to make a fuss over her.

But the other Little Godfreys—and the *Talent Scouts*—and a whole coast-to-coast network of official fan clubs and unofficial, loyal friends—they all know why.

What Romance Means to Me

(*Continued from page* 31)

the enjoyment while disliking it inside.

The most important feature of every personality is one's faith. Although I don't dwell on it, I'd want someone who has faith, not necessarily my faith, but a belief in God. I feel that, to be a well-rounded person, one must have some spiritual belief. It tends to be the "cement" which holds the rest of their personality together and gives it meaning.

The girl I would choose must be accepted by my friends and family. This is very important to me. We are a close-knit family and can't have complete happiness without one another's love and approval.

I would like to have my girl get the same reaction that my brother George's wife, Janie, receives. Our family and friends say, "Janie is so wonderful and sweet—she is really a doll." They think George is most lucky to have met her (and the other way around).

My sister Angie feels the same way. She was recently married to Tom Farrell, but before the wedding she was most anxious that we would all like her prospective husband. She came to us, saying, "I'm in love with Tom and I would like you all to accept him into your hearts . . . it's most important to me how you feel. . . ."

But then I don't think we are so much different from any other family in this respect. I think it is important that any family and friends like and approve of a prospective bride or bridegroom. Sometimes, though, I think that young people believe they must feel free to make a choice on their own account in this matter—without group guidance, and even in defiance of their friends and relatives. They think it is nobody's business but their own.

But is it? Our family has always felt that, when you marry, you marry friends and relatives, too. You have here, after all, a loving friendship which has taken years to build up. Yet it seems that some young people are so in love with love that they jump at the first opportunity to exchange their family circle for some romantic square.

I can remember my first romance—actually, it was my meeting, for the first time, someone outside our family circle whom I thought was really the greatest. She was the daughter of the Mayor of West Milwaukee Village. Her elegance and breeding made her the complete charmer. We were both seven years old.

We were more than just friends—at least, I thought so. This was well before my music had taken hold of my interests, and I was free to devote all my waking hours to writing her notes and all my waking thoughts to her pigtails and blue eyes.

Then, one day, I very bravely wrote "I love you" on one of the notes and slipped it into her schoolroom desk. I waited breathlessly until she came in. I almost died of anxiety all the hour until recess—for she never opened her desk until that time. Then she put away her books, saw the note, and picked it out. I thought surely that now, at least, I would get the big smile I had waited for the whole hour. But no! She was most annoyed, slammed down the desk, and never talked to me again. She was a delicate young lady—in fact, that is what attracted my seven-year-old heart to her—but she was offended by the brashness of my note!

Then my music took hold of me and, for years, there was no room for romance. In high school, for example, while my friends were busy dating, I was spending eight hours a day at the piano. And after graduation, when others were getting engaged and married, I was traveling with my piano across the country.

When you have a variety of interests, you don't make romance your prime goal in life. Granted that romance and marriage are the greatest things in life—from high school on, all my friends looked forward with stars in their eyes to that one great day. But I had a romance of sorts of my own: My music had brought with it a variety of interests—I was an active person, seeing new faces in new places wherever I traveled.

There were a couple of times, during that early period of travel, when my work allowed me to stay in one place long enough to develop close friendships. But I found that the girls I knew did not want to compete with the piano for my attentions. Even more important was the fact that they had to share my feelings and relationships with many hundreds of people. They didn't understand that sharing was part of my work and life. They resented it.

For example, I'd be having dinner in a restaurant with a girl. Candles on the table and music in the background—in short, a romantic evening. Then, in the middle of our conversation, some lady or gentleman would come up to say: "Excuse me, but I have a little daughter who admires your piano playing so much—and would you be kind enough to autograph this menu for me?" Or some young man or woman might even say, "I would like to be a pianist, too—I wonder if you could give me a few moments of your time . . ." and I would say, "Of course, do sit down and we'll talk."

After this happens two or three times in the course of a dinner, my companion has sometimes said, "How can you stand these interruptions? I'm sure I couldn't take it"—or, "I really think these people are nervy." These reactions immediately set up the thought in my mind: I'm sorry that you won't be hearing from me for a while. . . .

This kind of thing is well illustrated in a scene from my Warner Brothers picture, "Sincerely Yours." It is a scene which is very true to life: I'm at a high point in my

life—about to ask a girl (Dorothy Malone) to be my wife. Suddenly, someone comes up to say, "Will you please play the piano for us?" Dorothy is very sweet and understanding about the interruption. But she realizes—in fact, we both realize—that the whole thing is bigger than both of us: To make a long story short, it seems I don't wind up with the girl. And how true that is!

I have always felt that romance, as such, was a rather vague ideal. The newspaper definition of romance, for example, is certainly not the dictionary definition: If I just once go to dinner with a girl, it's a romance; if I'm seen twice in the same week with the same person, it's an engagement.

But to get back to the statement that romance *is* a vague idea. Recently, for example, I returned to my home town of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, for a high-school class reunion. Everybody was married and I had to learn a hundred new names! But there was a sad note in the reunion, too. One of my old school chums told me how unhappy she was—yes, she was married, too. In fact, that was the trouble. Everybody else was getting married, she said, so she got married because it was the thing to do!

Well, obviously this wasn't reason enough. She had thought, she said, that she'd get married and immediately find romance—but it didn't turn out that way. She found, instead, the monotony of Monday washing and Tuesday shopping, and she was disappointed. Well, I think that, as with most good things in this life, you don't just *find* them—you have to work for them or make them. Romance is no different.

My friend complained because she thought her life was monotonous. But her monotony was the result of her hope to find romance in marriage. The key to her error, I think, is the word *find*. You don't "find" romance. You work for it, or you make it somehow—but it isn't easily come by.

If my music has given me anything, it is a variety of interests—the music itself, the travel, the people I meet. There's romance in these interests. And, as far as I could see, that's what my now-married high-school chum needed to freshen up her life—a variety of interests. I didn't know what to tell her, but I pointed out that she could have many of the same things I have by developing hobbies, outside interests, doing things for her husband, finding some charitable work, gardening—there are hundreds of things to do within reach of all of us. Each has a romance of its own. But the secret lies in *making* it a romance. There's no finding it.

For myself, I've waited this long for marriage, and perhaps that has been a problem. For, the longer I wait, the more demanding I become. And I've found so many ideal things in my life, I wonder why I should risk the chance of spoiling them by a marriage that isn't perfect.

And my career still demands so much of my time—it wouldn't be fair to a wife or family to have a home life which was constantly interrupted by long concert tours and public appearances. In the family that I raise, there *will* be romance and adventure, and I wouldn't be able to devote the proper time if I were constantly on the road. When it comes, it will be handled in a very sacred and dignified manner—it won't be spread across the pages like some Hollywood romances. It will be done with dignity, with the sacred underlying reverence which a marriage deserves. It won't flourish overnight, like the Hollywood press-agent type of romance. When it comes, it will be a romance that will *endure*.

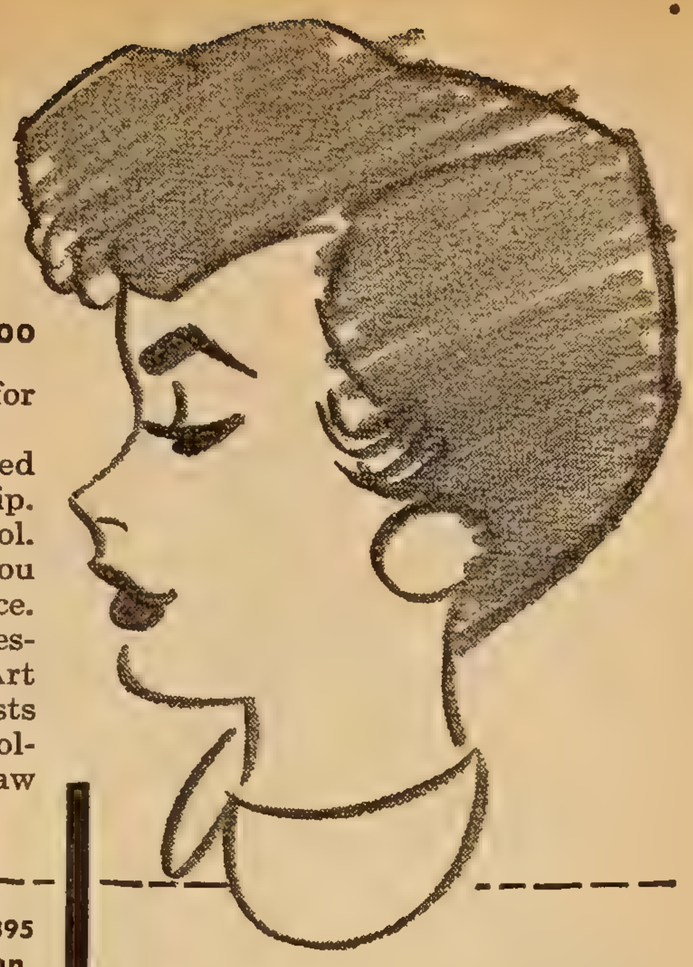
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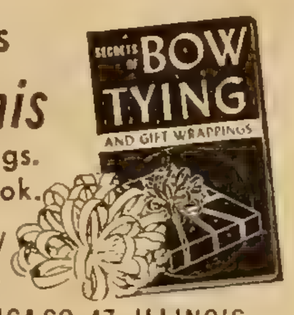
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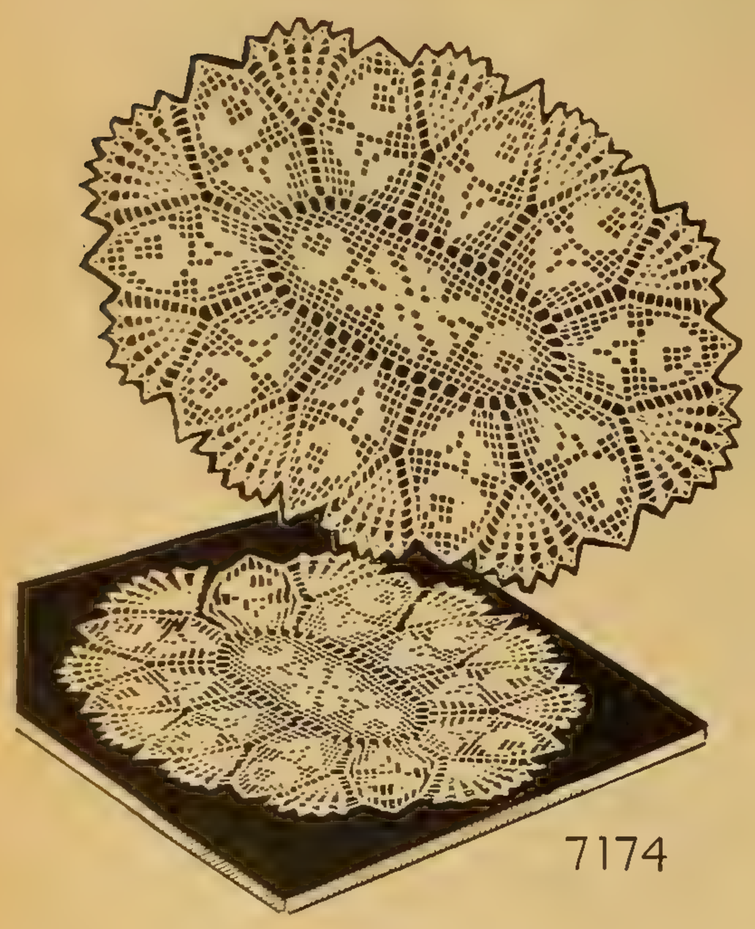
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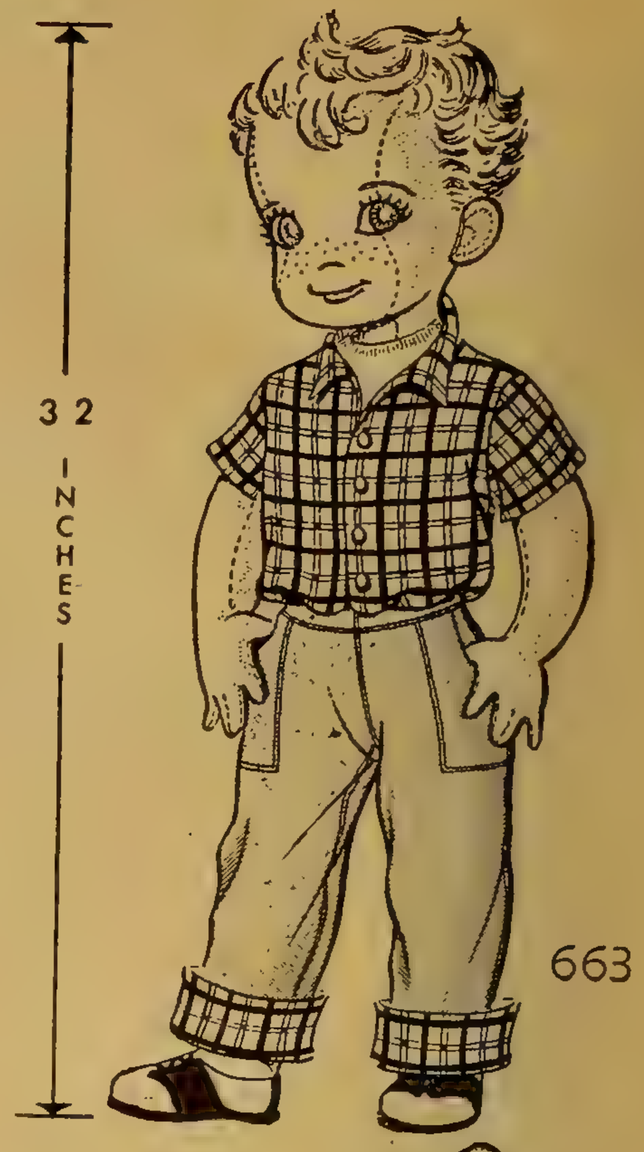
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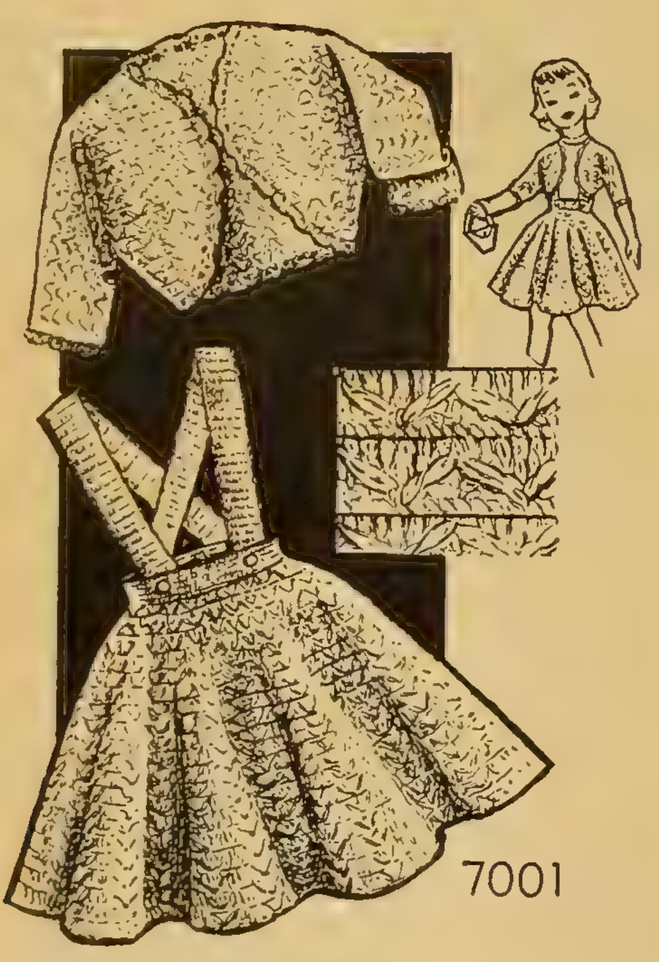
7354—Prettiest way to protect a chair or buffet. Roses in filet crochet—leaves in pineapple design. Easy-to-follow directions, charts. Chairback is 14 x 16 inches in No. 50 cotton. 25¢

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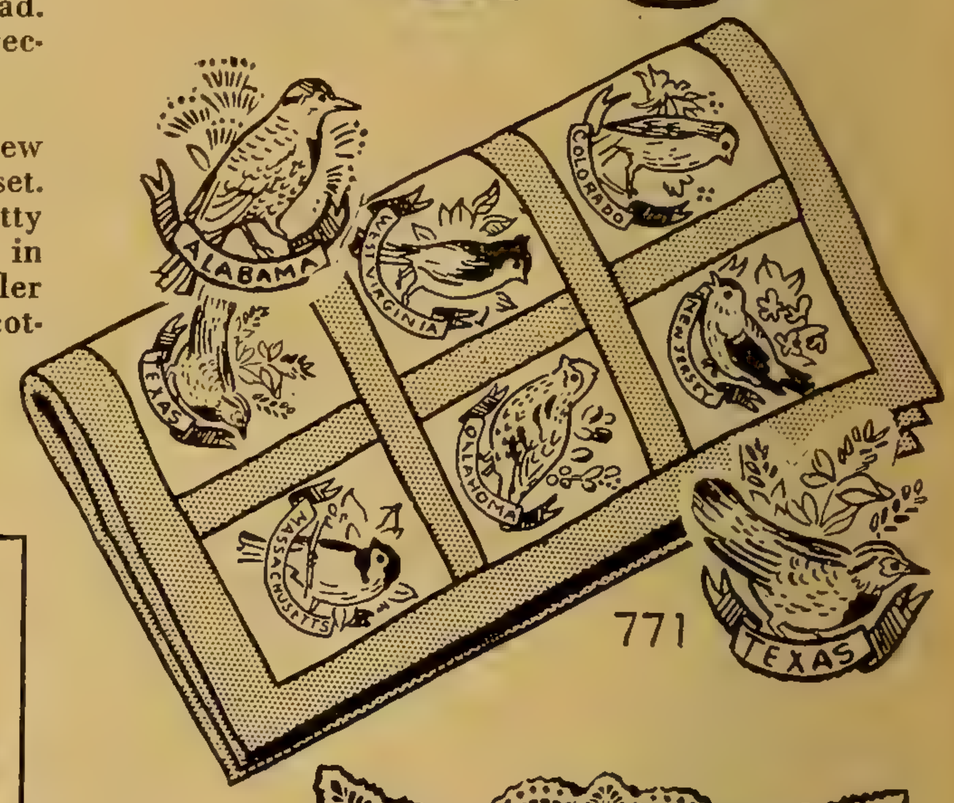
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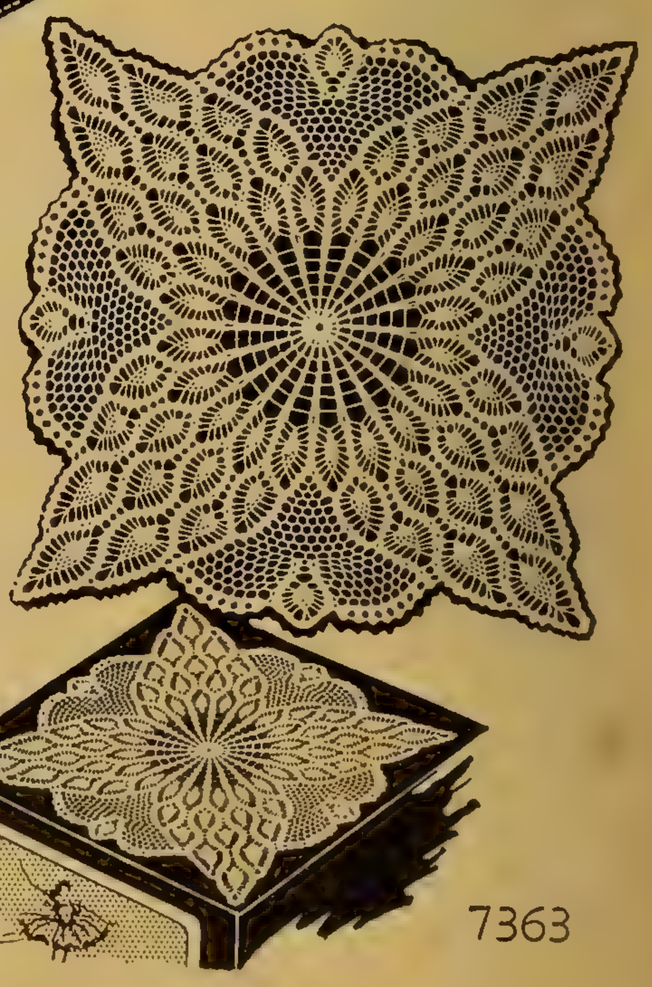


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Daytime Diary

(*Continued from page 22*)

Ogden, himself almost as dangerous a schemer as Sibyl, turn her mental turmoil to his own uses while making her believe she is victimizing him? CBS Radio.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT Just when Helen's long, apparently hopeless romance with Gil Whitney appeared headed for a happy ending, Gil's sudden infatuation with another woman shook Helen so badly that she hesitates to make plans for the future he now so ardently desires. Will she decide it is wiser to accept Brett Chapman's repeated offer of marriage? Or will the new problem looming before her drive all other considerations from her thoughts? CBS Radio.

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW The return to Henderson of Joanne and Arthur Tate adds impetus to the situation involving Joanne's friends, the Bergmans, with Melanie Pritchard and her scheming mother. Has Mrs. Pritchard a chance of succeeding in her coldly vicious plan to get Stu Bergman divorced from Marge and married to Melanie? Will Joanne's old enemies in town somehow lend Mrs. Pritchard a hand, willingly or otherwise? CBS-TV.

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON Although Stan Burton has never relaxed his opposition to his mother's proposed marriage, even he is a little startled when, after a definite date is set, he and Terry are inadvertently responsible for blowing up the whole arrangement. Will Stan be sorrier than ever now that the domineering Mother Burton is free once more to concentrate on running the lives of her children? CBS Radio.

THE SECRET STORM Long ago, Jane Edwards told Peter Ames that she could bring only trouble, but at the time not even she knew how close her past was to making her prediction come true. How can Peter understand her renunciation of him unless he knows the full story of her former marriage to Skip Curtis, who has involved Jane along with himself with the FBI? Can Jane bring herself to be honest with Peter in time to save their love? CBS-TV.

STELLA DALLAS The tragedy Stella has fought for so long to avert has finally climaxed in Dick Grosvenor's quick Mexican divorce from her daughter Laurel. But Stella, refusing to recognize the cleavage, desperately tries to keep Dick from burning his bridges by marrying Janice Bennett, hoping there may still be a chance to restore Laurel's happiness. Is Stella wrong to go on hoping for a reconciliation? Does Laurel want a divorce? NBC Radio.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE The revelation of the truly grim secret in David Brown's past—the murder involving his parents—goes far to explain all the serious mental disturbances David has suffered. But Nora, trained in psychological observation, wonders if even with professional help David will ever free himself from the damaging influence of his sister Lorraine, who seems determined to keep the past bitterly alive. CBS Radio.

VALIANT LADY Helen Emerson's position in town seems secure once more as the Children's Fund Board votes confidence in her, despite the ugly vilifications of Linda Kendall's mother. But what happens when Helen, advised by her daughter Diane, involves Fund money with Whitlow Preston, Diane's boss? Will the alert Mr. Norris, so deeply resented by Helen at first, prove in the end to be her only salvation? CBS-TV.

WENDY WARREN AND THE NEWS Wendy's concern for the situation at the Dalton home deepens as Linda shows definite signs of strain too deep to control, but she is a long way from realizing the full story behind Linda's marriage to Dr. Peter Dalton. Can Linda sever her association with the people who first put her into Peter's home for their own sinister purposes? Can she find any way to avert the horror she knows hangs over Peter's head? CBS Radio.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES Temperamental star Clara Bauer finds herself in a difficult position as, having treated Phil Stanley badly while he was infatuated with her, she is unable to turn to him for the help she suddenly needs so desperately. Will she find Joan and Harry Davis as hostile? Will Joan overcome her instinctive distrust of this woman long enough to make the mistake of extending a helping hand—a hand which is sure to be bitten? ABC Radio.

THE WOMAN IN MY HOUSE James and Jessie Carter have long known that there are times when a child will not listen to a parent's correction but will take it willingly from a brother or sister. For this reason Jessie has watched more or less silently while young Sandy tries to get herself and her marriage to Mike straightened out, hoping that Sandy's twin, Clay, would be able to give the help she feels she cannot risk. NBC Radio.

YOUNG DR. MALONE Although Jerry has refused to make an issue of it, the contrast between the mature, understanding behavior of his adopted son David and the selfish, trivial preoccupations of his own daughter Jill has given him much recent heartache. His wife Tracey wants deeply to keep family life on a pleasant, constructive keel—but will her own past ever leave her alone? Will Ted Mason further complicate Jerry Malone's life? CBS Radio.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN Dr. Anthony Loring's misguided marriage brought long months of anguish to both him and his former fiance, Ellen Brown as both realized their helplessness to correct the terrible mistake that seemed destined to ruin their lives. Now Millicent's murder frees Anthony—but frees him to tragedy that may be even more desperate as, accused of the murder, he is unable to keep Ellen from coming under grave suspicion. NBC Radio.

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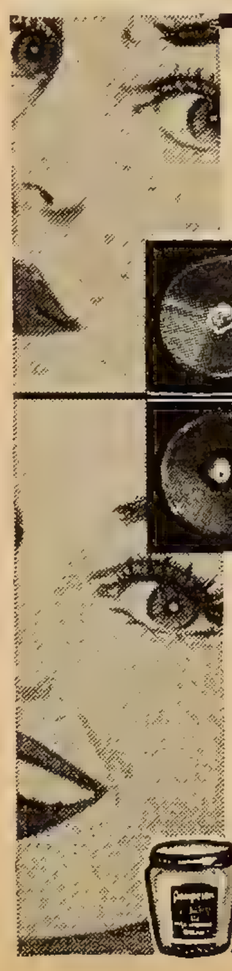


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MILK FACIAL CREAM

Got the Sun in the Morning

(*Continued from page* 53)

that being famous and having a lot of money are not necessarily the best things in life.

Bob was thirty-seven years old, and one of the best-known personalities on TV, when illness struck and nearly brought to an end the brilliant career which had started back in Buffalo, New York, in 1932.

"It was at 5:30 on the morning of Labor Day, September 6, 1954," Bob recalls, "that the attack came. I was lying in bed asleep, when I awoke feeling ill. I didn't know what it was, even when the pain started in my chest. But Mil, my wife, knew right away, and she called our doctor. He, in turn, called a heart specialist and an ambulance and then came right over."

The Smiths live in a three-story, half-timbered home on an acre of well-kept grounds in New Rochelle, a beautiful suburb of New York City. And it was in the New Rochelle hospital that Bob spent the next twelve days—in an oxygen tent. It was touch-and-go with him for most of that time. Then he began to get better, and has improved ever since.

Throughout the trying time when Bob hovered between life and death, his wife—the former Mildred Metz, also of Buffalo—visited his bedside as frequently and as long as she was permitted to. This was no simple matter-of-course, for there were two young boys to look after, at home—and Mil was pregnant. In fact, the Smith's third child was born on November first, just eighteen days after Bob had left the hospital!

As Bob's heart began to mend and he was able to lie comfortably in the hospital bed, his thoughts went back to the kind of life he had led before the attack, and also to his childhood. The two are inextricably mixed.

Bob thought of his father, who had died when Bob was only fifteen. Father had been a strong, muscular man who had worked as a coal miner in Illinois before moving to Buffalo, where Bob was born. There, his father had become a carpenter and, since it was then the depth of the Depression, was unable to get many jobs.

"He worried himself to death," Bob says. "It was in 1932, when things were bad all over. He would just sit in the house, after looking all over for work, and worry because he wasn't able to get anything to do. Yes, he just worried himself to death."

When his father died, Bob had been awarded a musical scholarship at Oberlin College in Ohio. But, because of the unexpected blow to the family, Bob was not able to accept, though he had planned to become a high-school music teacher. Now, as he lay in his hospital bed, Bob's thoughts surely went back to the time that he had had to give up that ambition and take a job with the male trio called the Hi-Hatters, who sang on several Buffalo radio stations. He probably thought, too, of the time that Kate Smith (no relation) brought the trio to New York for appearances on her network radio show.

This had been the beginning of Bob's remarkable career. Leaving the trio, Bob went back to Buffalo radio stations in increasingly more important positions until he was brought back to New York by the NBC station there to do a morning show.

Bob's popularity with New Yorkers—reputedly the most difficult people in the country to please—was almost instantaneous. He went on up the ladder of success quickly until, at the time of his illness, he was doing an hour and three-quarters of radio and television programs—including the very popular *Howdy Doody*—each day, five days a week. It was a schedule carried by few other people in the business.

As Bob thought back over the years and the immediate past, he realized why he was lying there in that hospital bed. He had been pushing himself far too hard over far too many hours.

"I remembered," he says, "how tired and irritable I used to be when I got home from the studio at night. After all, I'd been at work since early morning, working up material for the three shows—and there was always the routine paper work that had to be taken care of, too. It's a wonder to me, looking back on it, that I stayed on my feet as long as I did."

Six weeks to the day after he had entered the hospital, Bob Smith was able to go home. There he stayed in bed a while longer and remained on the second floor for about another three weeks—leaving it only to visit Mil in the hospital in celebration of the birth of their baby, Christopher.

"One of the biggest thrills of my life," Bob says, "was the first time I went outdoors by myself. I remember it was a cool, pleasant day, and the doctor made all sorts of tests before I was adjudged well enough. I walked very slowly, of course. And I walked around the grounds, just looking at things in general. It was wonderful. As I say, it was one of the biggest thrills of my life."

Bob continued to take things easy, on doctor's orders, for some time. When Christmas time came, Bob told the doctor that the Smiths were planning the usual gathering. Bob's mother and his sister and brother were going to come to spend the holiday with the Smiths. The doctor put his foot down. Bob was to go away and stay away for the holidays.

So Bob and Mil went to Florida for about a month. When school let out, the boys—Robin, now 13, and Ronnie, 12—

GIVE—
Strike back at CANCER

went down to be with their parents for the holiday, while baby Chris stayed in New Rochelle.

And ten days after they got back from Florida, Bob Smith went back to work on the *Howdy Doody* show. But there was a great difference. NBC had installed all the equipment necessary in the cellar of Bob's home in New Rochelle, and Bob did the show from there. This meant that he didn't have to drive or take the train all the way to the studio in New York to be on the show.

And on Labor Day of this year, 1955—just one year after the attack—Bob returned to the studio. Bob Smith is back at work again.

But there has been a great change in Bob Smith and in his way of life. The change has not been all physical, either. For one thing, Bob has a finer appreciation of the things and the people who mean the most to him. He sees to it that he doesn't lose that appreciation. But most important to him are Mil and the three boys. Bob makes it a point to be with them as much as possible.

Bob cannot say too much for the way Mil rose to the situation at the time of his attack and during all the subsequent days of tragic uncertainty. Bob is well aware that it was largely through Mil's wonderful help that he was able to make the recovery he did—and he treats Mil accordingly. There is a much stronger rapport between them now than ever before, because they have shared trouble—serious trouble—and have been able to weather the storm.

The children are also closer to Bob. For, nowadays, he has more time to be with them, to follow their interests and help them solve their problems. Both of the older boys are members of a Little League baseball team and Bob is rightfully proud of the fact. He makes it a point to watch them play as often as he can, which is frequently. And you can be sure that Chris, the youngest addition to the family, comes in for a great deal of attention, too.

Since Bob has had a chance to change his way of life, he has taken up a sport which is as old as time itself, but which he had never indulged in before. He goes fishing. One of the cronies with whom he fishes, as often as possible, is the heart specialist whose work was instrumental in saving Bob's life. Another fisherman who goes out with Bob frequently is Ford Frick, the baseball commissioner.

At his doctor's insistence, Bob has learned to relax. He is no longer as tense as he had become in previous years. He doesn't let things upset him as he used to. He has learned to move more slowly, too.

One of the great benefits of Bob's new spirit of relaxation has been his fresh appreciation of the things around him. He has time now to observe those things which had always been there but which he, in his hurry, had not seen. The trait has added richness to his life.

Another thing that has come into Bob's life is compassion. True, it may have been there all along, but his nearly fatal experience has brought it to the fore.

For instance, Bob has made a study of heart disease—both so that he could understand his own condition the better, and also so that he could help other people who are not familiar with its effects. He likes to explain to those who are interested that, while a heart attack is a serious illness, it is not something to be feared nearly so much as many people do fear it. He points out that statistics show that a large majority of people suffering their first attacks survive and thereafter are usually able to lead completely normal and full lives.

Bob is much concerned with the public's indifference to the need for supporting research into heart disease, one of the most frequently-occurring illnesses in the country. He mentions figures showing the public's contributions to polio and heart funds in a given year—when, for every death from polio, the public contributed $13,490. and, for every death by heart disease, the public donations were seven cents. And, of course, he urges regular medical examinations so the doctor can discover any possible beginnings of heart trouble.

Bob Smith has recovered from his heart attack. But he has a great many things to be grateful for, besides his recovery. He is well aware of them all.

He is grateful for his wife, Mil, and her great work in helping him get well, and for the added closeness that their experience has allowed them to share. He is grateful for his children and their help in his getting better, too.

He is grateful for having learned to appreciate the things around him more deeply, the everyday things which other people take for granted in their hurry but which Bob observes with new insight because he has relaxed and has the time for seeing.

He knows now that the simpler things in life, the things and the people around him, are the most important, and that fame and money are not.

Bob Smith is a happier man today—because of his experience in the valley of the shadow. For him, the sun shines with a special brightness, and all the world is new.

He'll Always Be Grateful

(*Continued from page* 36)

about was the years of frustration, indecision, insecurity and outright poverty his father had to go through before winning a measure of success and recognition. Nor could he anticipate that, within a couple of weeks, his dad who "hardly ever worked" would be one of Hollywood's busiest actors, under contract to star as Marshal Matt Dillon in the TV version of CBS's famous radio serial, *Gunsmoke*.

Produced as a quality show, with a painstaking care almost unheard of in the average "Western," *Gunsmoke* is keeping Jim Arness on a schedule requiring him to use Saturdays and Sundays for learning his lines, with the rest of the week—from seven in the morning and frequently until ten or eleven o'clock at night—taken up with rehearsals and actual shooting. Arness, however, has no objections to this sudden acceleration of his activities. "I like to work," he says, stretching his six-foot, six-inch, 235-pound frame recklessly in a light canvas chair. "Working every day, every week, is exactly what I needed and wanted. It's the kind of experience I have to have, if I am to develop further as an actor. You can't stand still, you know. You either keep growing or get out. There is no other choice."

Growing, in more ways than one, is one of the things James Arness has made a specialty of in the thirty years of his life. Sitting opposite the huge man, his heavy shoulders slightly hunched, the clear blue eyes looking out at you openly from the clean-cut, strong-jawed lines of his virile face, you can readily understand why producer Charles Marquis Warren, after testing a long line of other candidates, insisted on having none but Arness for the part of the legendary law enforcement officer of Dodge City, Kansas.

Everything about Jim Arness conveys strength, reliability, honesty. There isn't a trace of guile or cunning anywhere. Starting at the crinkles in the corners of his eyes and spreading almost simultaneously to his even, white teeth, his ready smile lights up his whole face with friendliness. A giant of a man, he exudes the unshakable calm, self-confidence and righteousness you would naturally expect in someone possessing his physical strength and commanding presence.

It is a valid impression. But it is nevertheless one which successfully conceals the inner turmoil and insecurity Jim had to conquer before coming to terms with himself and achieve his present serenity.

Being tall is usually considered an asset. But being too tall, when you're still quite young, can be as much of a handicap as being too short. Jim Arness reached his present height of six-feet-six when he was only fourteen. Weighing a mere 150 pounds, he was a walking skeleton, painfully self-conscious of towering over everybody else. Too good-natured to make reprisals, he was the butt of constant jokes about his beanstalk conformation. The cracks only became more insistent when he was unable to hide his embarrassment. Shy and easily hurt, he began to withdraw into himself.

It was in those years of his early teens that Jim first discovered the restlessness in him which led to a period of many years of drifting and floundering. He began to run away from school, to ride freight trains, to go off into the Minnesota wilderness to hunt and fish. He always came back for a new try at the kind of normal life all the other kids in Minneapolis were leading. But the yearning for adventure persisted. The quest for something he couldn't name, or put into words, always kept pulling at him.

Jim's love of the outdoors, encouraged by his father, was the one thing that helped him keep his emotional balance. When he was out camping, sitting in a duck blind in freezing weather, or paddling a canoe across a Minnesota lake, he was happy. But, coming from a respectable middle-class family, he knew that someday he'd have to give up this wild and aimless wandering and settle down to learn a profession or a trade. His father's father had been a doctor who came over from Norway and settled in Minneapolis. His father was a successful salesman, his mother a journalist. Jim realized that he, too, would have to be something more than just a vagabond. But what? There was nothing he really wanted to do, though he was willing to give almost anything a try.

Pearl Harbor gave Jim a chance to postpone his decision. As soon as he was graduated from high school, he enlisted in the Army—after being rejected by the Navy because of his height.

If he was looking for adventure, he certainly got plenty of it while he was in the service. Like most combat veterans, Jim is reluctant to talk about it. He was on the Anzio beachhead, saw his company wiped out, narrowly missed death himself three times in a row, had his leg shot up badly—and was decorated. After that, he spent a year and a half in Army and veterans' hospitals waiting for his leg to mend. Weakened by osteomyelitis, it still bothers him at times, and he receives government compensation for his injuries.

After his discharge, Jim went back to Minneapolis and enrolled as a student at the University of Minnesota. But his heart wasn't in his studies. He also took a course in radio announcing, and liked that better, getting a disc-jockey show of his own for a while. At that time he also renewed a high-school interest in the theater, taking parts in several little-theater productions. None of it, however, captured his imagination. It still wasn't whatever it was he was looking for. When a friend suggested a trip to California, Jim joined him without thinking twice about it.

"What really attracted me to California was the climate, the chance to get away from those Minnesota winters," he smiles. "I had no serious intentions—or delusions—about getting into the movies."

The year, however, was 1945, when young male talent was as scarce as zippers, steaks and cigarettes—and Jim landed an acting job, and subsequently a movie assignment, without so much as half trying for it. Cast in a Hollywood stage production of "Four Hours to Kill," he was spotted by an agent, invited to take a screen test (which flopped), and almost immediately thereafter given a part as one of Loretta Young's brothers in the Academy Award-winning film, "The Farmer's Daughter."

By the time he had finished this picture, personable young men were returning to Hollywood in droves, and Jim found that producers weren't exactly hollering for his services any longer. It didn't particularly bother him. He'd been in California long enough to discover the Pacific Ocean—and Jim approved of it thoroughly. With the money saved from his film debut, he acquired a 1936 Buick, then headed straight for the beaches.

Like so many other land-locked Midwesterners, Jim Arness is passionately

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fond of the sea. To this day, when he is troubled or upset, he finds something like a spiritual rebirth in the salty waters of the Pacific Ocean. A superb swimmer and surfboard rider, he likes to spend entire days in and out of the water, forgetting his worries and returning refreshed and cleansed. Having no responsibilities except to himself, the beach became Jim's home in those days. "I was sort of a surf-bum," he explains, "a kind of beachcomber. I lived from one day to the next and refused to worry about anything." He spent some time in Mexico, returning to Southern California only after his money ran out, but continuing his casual style of living, scraping by on practically no money at all.

That's how Virginia Chapman, a young actress whom he was to marry, found him in the summer of 1948. Falling in love with Virginia was to be the turning point in his life.

Virginia was playing "Candida" at the Pasadena Playhouse when a mutual friend brought Jim around to meet her. As luck would have it, her leading man was forced to drop out of the play on short notice and Jim was drafted to take over the part of her stage husband.

As deeply in love with Jim now as she was when she fell for the big guy eight years ago, Virginia's eyes sparkle as she reminisces about their courtship. "I fell hard for Jim the minute I laid eyes on him," she relates. "Aside from his good looks, there was something so clean, decent and kindly about him that it made him stand out as a very unusual person."

Jim, however, was no easy quarry, and Virginia had to employ all the feminine wiles at her command before she bagged him. "I knew he was in love with me, too," she says, "when he backed away from embracing me during rehearsals. It showed that it meant something to him, that it wasn't anything he could bring himself to do lightly."

Though he continued to struggle for a while, Jim's fate was sealed, from that moment on. Asking him to hook up the back of her dress each night before they went on stage, Virginia enjoyed the quiver of emotion that passed through Jim whenever his hand touched her shoulder. But she had to pretend to fall asleep on his shoulder one night, when he was taking her home from the theater, before Jim broke down and kissed her.

Overwhelmingly, blissfully, blindly in love though they both were, even to consider marriage took quite a bit of courage at that point. Virginia had a year-old baby from a previous marriage whom she had to support and, at the rate Jim had been going till then, she was afraid she might have to support him, as well. Since his one movie part three years earlier, he'd earned practically no money at all. He had no clothes outside of some jeans and T-shirts, some of his better things having come to rest in various pawn shops. Each time he picked Virginia up in his car to take her to Pasadena, it was touch-and-go whether they had enough gas to make it there. And once, when she asked him to buy her an ice cream cone, Jim stalled till she found out that he didn't have a single dime in his pocket and couldn't afford the splurge. (There was no salary involved in playing the Pasadena Playhouse.) And Jim still weighed only about 180 pounds, at the time, a condition which Virginia today discerningly attributes to chronic lack of food.

More forbidding than the total absence of money, however, was Jim's apparent lack of prospects. "I was convinced he had a lot of talent," Virginia says, "but he was completely unfocused at the time. He still had no idea what he wanted to do, and there wasn't really anything he could do well. At least, not anything likely to bring in a weekly paycheck."

If financial considerations worried the young folks, these happily didn't concern Virginia's parents. Recognizing Jim's basic qualities and knowing how deeply these two were in love with each other, they reversed the conventional behavior of prospective in-laws, threw prudence to the winds and did all they could to encourage them. A camping trip, indulgently chaperoned by Virginia's parents, helped them make up their minds.

They were married shortly thereafter in Santa Barbara, Jim wearing a suit he'd bought with funds borrowed from his in-laws. After the honeymoon—a wedding present from Virginia's parents—they set up housekeeping in a small, twenty-dollar-a-month apartment, and Virginia took a job in her father's china-importing firm. Jim, too, tried working there for a while. But, being obviously misplaced in a china shop, he quit shortly and tried his hand at other occupations.

"He really tried," Virginia says, "but he simply wasn't cut out for commerce." He got himself a job selling advertising for a Los Angeles newspaper, switched to door-to-door canvassing and eventually to real estate. "I was a complete flop," Jim admits with a sheepish grin. "I had a pretty good time talking to people, but I just never sold anything."

After about four months of this, Virginia persuaded him to go back to acting, but to approach it soberly and treat it as a business proposition. Analyzing his assets, they decided that he was obviously the rugged he-man type and that this was what he had to sell to producers. As a result of their discussion, Jim stopped shaving, grew a luxuriant beard and appeared for interviews wearing a red flannel shirt and jeans.

Within a month, the new strategy paid off when Dore Schary, who'd given him his first break in "The Farmer's Daughter"—cast him in his production of "Battleground." Jim has been working ever since. "Every year has been a little better than the previous one," says Virginia. "It's like a business. You stick to it, and it can't help growing."

Jim gives full credit to his wife for helping him find himself and become successful in his career. "Without Ginny I'd probably still be floundering on some beach," he says. "I depend on her a lot for just about everything. If it weren't for Ginny, I probably wouldn't have had the drive and incentive to get anywhere."

Three further—and very considerable—incentives for Jim are the children: Craig; eight; Jennie Lee, six; and Rolf, four. He disclaims having any favorite among them, though Jennie Lee is most like him in appearance and manner. All three of them are enthusiastic swimmers, of course, and real companions for their father on his occasional "beachcombing" days. The Arness house in Pacific Palisades has no swimming pool but is less than a mile from the beach and has a view of the ocean. With his great love for the sea, that's about the farthest away Jim Arness would ever want to be from it again.

The Arnesses moved to Pacific Palisades as soon as they could afford a small home of their own—about five years ago—and stayed within a mile of their original location when they moved to a larger house three years later. Situated on a beautiful piece of ground with large old elms, birches and a towering oak tree, their house is a rambling, three-bedroom arrangement, with rooms sufficiently large to keep a big man like Jim from getting claustrophobia. He sleeps in a king-size, seven-by-seven-and-a-half-foot bed—and wears bed socks, just in case his feet should stick out and get cold. When he needs privacy and wants to get away for a while from the hubbub of a busy, happy house, he climbs up into his oak tree, where he has built himself a tree house. He frequently studies his scripts there, too.

Ordinarily; though, there is nothing Jim likes better than to play and roughhouse with the children. Frequently, he takes on as many as a dozen or fifteen children of assorted sizes—including his own youngsters—fighting them in a mock battle. He's long been highly popular with all the children in his area and, with *Gunsmoke* being shown in the early evening, in the Los Angeles area, he's rapidly becoming something of an idol to them.

Not quite so impressed with his father's prowess as chief law enforcement officer of Dodge City, Kansas, however, is his son, Craig. As part of getting in trim for his role, Jim had gone around the house for days, practicing quick draws with his gun. Craig decided to get into the act, broke his piggy bank and bought himself a holster and gun, too. After watching his father for a while and practicing on his own, he one day confronted him and



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drew. "You're dead," he announced triumphantly, seeing his dad's hand was still on his hip. "I beat you to the draw."

Jim got even with his "elder son" by reminding him how Craig had hollered in fright a couple of years earlier at the sight of the giant papier-mache ants, when Jim was acting in the movie, "Them," and Virginia had taken the boy for a visit to the set.

Aside from playing and fooling with them, Jim is an excellent and devoted father who's never shirked his share of the job of bringing them up. "Even when the children were very small," his wife says, "I never had to worry about leaving them with their father. With all his size, he's very competent, gentle, tender and careful with them. He can be strict, too, but he's usually very patient. All three of them adore him, of course."

Jim has an additional domestic virtue, in that he can cook—and cook well. He can even bake, and will whip up a chocolate layer cake on practically no provocation. Needless to say, considering his size, he also loves to eat—three or four helpings of everything at each meal.

As against these virtues, his principal failing from his wife's point of view, is his habit of dropping his clothes wherever he happens to take them off. Another is that, to this day, he hates putting more than a dollar's worth of gasoline into the car at one time and is apt to run out of gas at unexpected moments. Having simple taste, he drives a Chevvy coupe and his wife has a Pontiac station wagon of none-too-recent vintage. About the only material possession Jim dreams of having is a fine sailing boat of his own. He hopes to be able to buy one next summer from his television proceeds.

He is more reluctant to talk about another dream of his, a dream of an additional career as a singer. "Jim has the most beautiful, golden Wagnerian tenor you ever heard," says Virginia, ever the loyal booster. "I've heard competent critics say he could sing at the Met even now. But Jim is a perfectionist. He won't do anything, won't even talk about it, until he knows he's quite, quite ready."

Even with his present, crowded schedule, he manages to squeeze in three lessons a week. And it can be taken for granted that he wouldn't waste his time unless there were solid promise for success.

For, with all his easygoing manner, Jim Arness is essentially a serious man. His drifting days are over. He has found his field, has hit his stride, and intends to grow and keep going.

As producer Charles Marquis Warren puts it, "Jim is a big guy. A big guy inside and out."

More Than Anyone Could Ask

(*Continued from page* 49)

flagstoned outdoor terrace, and to a large, flat rectangle of ground where the Beckers hope one day to put in a swimming pool.

The house is white, with some green trim. There are three floors and the basement. Every part of it is well lived-in, and none of it is off-bounds to the children. Everything in it belongs to the family. "Although the hi-fi is really Ruth's," Sandy says, a twinkle in his eye. "Her birthday is in January, and I gave it to her for a present. I told her that, for my birthday in February, she could give me some real pretty dresses that she wanted. And she did!"

The pets belong to everybody—except that Jeb, the blue parrakeet, is an independent soul who recognizes no master, and Goldie, the new canary-colored baby parrakeet, seems to have adopted Ruth. Jocko, the dog, as gentle as he is huge, is the children's delight.

Hajji Baba, the dwarf parrot, appears with Sandy on his TV shows for children. "He's the one who works for a living," says Sandy. "He's not nearly so big as the usual parrot. Looks rather like a parrakeet with thyroid trouble, I'd say." Hajji rides back and forth from home to studio every day with Sandy, in his own small "cuckoo clock" house, which Sandy made for him. "Makes him think he's a cuckoo," Sandy explains. "Sometimes I suspect he has forgotten he ever was a parrot."

Hajji always breakfasts with Sandy. Ruth brings breakfast up on a tray. And, if the parrot's coffee is too hot, or not sugared sufficiently, or the toast is missing, he sets up a scream. He scolds the children sometimes, too, but they all know he doesn't mean a word of it and that, inside his lovely green plumage, there is a heart full of affection for all the Beckers.

Each child has his own collection of fish, besides the four tanks in Sandy's room. Joyce has gone in for guppies in such a big way, they threaten to take over the whole tank in her room. She's a combination of both parents in looks, manner and interests. "Three parts Ruth's soft Southern beauty and good manners, and only one part my foolish ways," Sandy describes Joyce, fondly. Annelle is very like Ruth, too, but Curt is his daddy's boy. He is Sandy's shadow on the days at home, wanting to help with everything he does.

Both Ruth and Sandy are excellent craftsmen, handy at doing dozens of things. The long red sofa in the living room is a piece they picked up at an auction and re-covered, along with some chairs to match. They did all the wallpapering and the inside painting in the house, and Ruth made all the drapes. Sandy cut down a big, heavy Italian table which the former owners of the house left for them—a piece of furniture they liked but couldn't seem to fit in anywhere. He turned it into an unusually lovely coffee table. The cut crystal lamp bases were an old water pitcher and a squat vase, now wired and mounted on silver bases by Sandy. Shaded in red, by Ruth, they are quite gorgeous.

Sandy does sculpture, really good things and all self-taught, a hobby he began to develop as a small boy when his parents gave him his first puppetry set and he started to carve out new heads for his puppet characters. He is an excellent cartoonist, also self-taught. But his real ambition was to be a doctor, and he had already started a pre-med course when destiny stepped in to turn him toward show business. It happened when he was in college and accompanied a stage-struck friend to Station WWRL, in Woodside, Long Island, where the friend wanted to audition for an announcing job.

"Someone thrust an application blank and an audition script in my hand, too," Sandy says. "There I was, expected to do something about both. So I filled out the blank, and did a pretty atrocious reading of the script. It had to be atrocious—because what did I know about it? I quickly made up my mind to combine the voices and interpretations of three different news broadcasters I admired—Edwin C. Hill, Lowell Thomas and Gabriel Heatter! It was some combination, but I got the job, at $10 a week, with the understanding that I would continue my schooling. So I really *fumbled* my way into radio, but I

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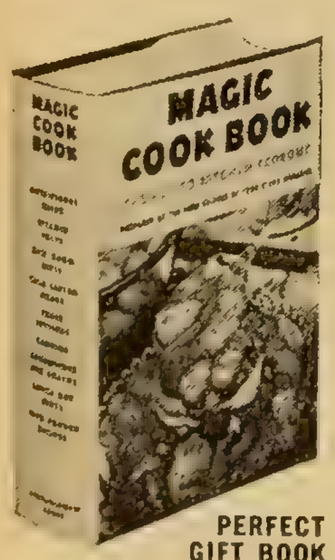
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liked it from the first. For a week or more, my parents knew nothing about this, until one day I asked them to listen. I wanted to be sure I was going to last in the job."

When Sandy thought it was time to break away from a local station and get on a network, he took another audition, this time for a CBS executive. "I was still a little 'rough around the edges,' so they sent me instead to Station WBT, in Charlotte, North Carolina. There I was required to do practically everything, including announcing—the kind of local-station experience which is invaluable for learning the business and preparing for a network job."

He stayed in Charlotte two years, and that's where Ruth became part of the Sandy Becker story. She didn't even see him, the first day he saw her. Her mind was concerned with the ambitions of a friend, a girl who was attending business school with her but had radio aspirations. Ruth herself had done some singing with local bands and in her church, but she went along with her friend merely for moral support. Sandy saw them from the control room, and the girls were gone by the time he came out. But already he had turned to a co-worker and announced that this was the girl he wanted to marry, this striking brunette who walked like a princess. It took several telephone calls to Ruth's girl friend to get a date arranged. And, even after Ruth met Sandy, she wasn't impressed, deciding he was too young and boyish for a woman of nineteen. He was just twenty himself, but thin and—well, boyish-looking, just as Ruth told herself. In fact, Sandy was always trying to put on weight, and always trying to look more mature.

Clyde Clem didn't really believe Sandy when he said that Ruth was going to marry him: "I was always deflating him, anyhow, just for the fun of it. Of course, I knew he had what it takes for success all along the line, but I liked to kid him. Just to balance things. And when he told me Ruth had said yes, I really did rib him. We used to double-date, and I knew how he had felt about her from the first."

When the young-married Beckers went on to New York, the going wasn't completely smooth at first. Other fellows from small stations got opportunities for which Sandy didn't even have a chance to audition and, for a while, it seemed to him that everybody was moving along faster than he was. Ruth used to remind him that he wasn't doing too badly and that his turn was bound to come.

It did come. He began to get some good announcing jobs on the network. He did *Joyce Jordan,* the daytime drama, and *Theater Of Romance.* He did newscasting, got a break when some big news stories came his way and he handled them with just the right touch of excitement and drama. He announced some of the Philharmonic concerts, which fostered the love he already had for fine music. And, in 1948, he was asked to announce the *Young Dr. Malone* program—and, not long after, to play the title role!

Gary Merrill had been doing *Dr. Malone* and, when Gary left for Hollywood, someone decided that Sandy had a voice similar to Merrill's. "I could tell a story well, and I had been announcing for a long time," Sandy recalls, "but my acting experience was confined to those early puppetry shows and to school dramatics. I guess I was just lucky. Instinctively, I seemed to know what to do, and to understand about such things as timing and pacing. And my voice was right for it. Besides, there has always been a continuity about my life—maybe you could call it 'a thread of destiny' that has run through my life.

"Everything I have done has led me along to the next thing. Going to North Carolina, which would have seemed an unlikely place for me, brought Ruth into my life. My interest in sculpture and cartooning has already helped greatly in my shows for children. My own youngsters have helped me to know what other children like, and working on children's programs has helped me to understand my own youngsters better. Everything has fitted in, piece by piece."

Sandy now has some definite ideas about what children, and their parents, like on television. "Kids like to be amused," he says frankly, "but they like to be learning things at the same time." He gets in little scientific lectures and demonstrations, all keyed to young children. He sneaks in simple safety messages, and similar bits of advice. And, always, these are in the form of entertainment, and not a bit like preaching, or even like school.

The young Beckers are unhappy if they have to miss one of their daddy's programs, and they assure him he is tops. They can be tearing the place apart, but when he comes on they grow silent and attentive. When *Dr. Malone,* to which they listen occasionally, was going to get married to Tracey, they were quite upset, insisting that Ruth was "Daddy's mommy" and wondering how Tracey could be, too. "I finally explained to their satisfaction that I am Mrs. Becker and their daddy is Mr. Becker," Ruth observes, "and that any other Mr.-and-Mrs. arrangement was only part of the story on radio, which concerned the Malones themselves and not us. As the Beckers, we would still be intact—Mommy and Daddy and Joyce, Curtis and Annelle."

Actually, this combination of being the young doctor, and of creating new ideas to entertain and teach youngsters on a television screen, is immensely stimulating to a man like Sandy who loves acting, is tremendously interested in and tremendously fond of kids, and himself has a thirst for knowledge which is never quite satisfied. He says he works harder than he might because there is so much happening all the time that he loves to do. So many new shows constantly coming up. So many new opportunities to use what he already knows and to learn more.

As Ruth sums it up: "I think the most important thing about Sandy is that he gives his best to everything in which he is sincerely and honestly interested—to his family, to his work, to everything of which he is a part. There just isn't anything too much to ask of him—because he gives so much more than anyone could possibly demand. It's because he really *cares* about people, and about what happens to them."

It's Arthur Godfrey Time!

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Welcome to Our Family

(*Continued from page 57*)

Beth and she to us. Before that, we'd always had to put show business first."

Putting show business first was a habit each had developed in childhood—Pat in the amateur theater, Hal in the professional.

Somewhat to his parents' surprise, Hal made his theater debut at the age of six. "I was seeing the usual Saturday-afternoon Westerns," he explains, "when the manager of the theater announced that Wednesday would be amateur night. Any child who brought his sheet music could get up on the stage and sing."

Singing was exactly Master Cooper's dish. He could remember the words and tune of every song he had ever heard. He saved his allowance to buy sheet music and cajoled his parents into taking him to the theater. Making a small boy's usual excuse, he slipped away. The next Mr. and Mrs. Cooper saw of their son, he was on stage, singing. A few minutes later, he collected the twenty-five-dollar first prize and started his professional career.

"The folks didn't know anything about show business—Dad was a coffee broker," Hal says, "but they were real smart about it. They treated it as my hobby—an extra-curricular activity."

It proved a successful one. At the age of ten, Hal was junior master of ceremonies on Mutual's *Rainbow House.* He was also on *Junior G-Man* and occasionally acted in daytime serials. At eighteen, he drew out the money his parents had held in trust for him and went to the University of Michigan. He found a room down the street from the rambling house owned by the Meikles.

Music and drama had also kept the Meikle household lively. Pat's father, Daniel, a Scottish-born designer of automatic machinery, played the cello. Her mother, tiny, vivacious red-headed Maude, belonged to the community theater. Pat, upon finishing high school, had spent a season at the Ogunquit, Maine, summer theater and had airily informed her parents, "Maybe I won't come home in the fall. Maybe I'll go right on to Broadway." With a Scotsman's firmness, her father had insisted that the University of Michigan should come first.

Pat and Hal met during their sophomore years. "Our drama class," says Pat, "was doing a scene from 'The Vortex.' Hal came in as critic." His comment irked Pat. "I let him know we were not about to be betrayed by New York commercialism."

"And I told her," says Hal, "that, in radio, if it were not for the commercialism of *Our Gal Sunday,* she would not be able to enjoy the art of Toscanini."

Argument became more intriguing than romance. "He'd take another girl home," says Pat, "then stop at our house for a cup of coffee."

"Pat dated my roommate," Hal adds. "I was always having to patch up their spats."

When war came, they found absence did make their hearts grow fonder. Hal, commissioned a Navy ensign, shipped out and wrote Pat an eighteen-page letter which ended, "I think I'm in love with you. Will you marry me?"

Pat's reply also ran eighteen pages. The first seventeen were an essay on platonic friendship. The final page ended: "But I think I am in love with you, too. The answer is yes."

Hal was in Panama when he received her letter. Reading the first few pages, he concluded Pat had rejected him. "So," says Hal, "I decided to go out and get tight."

At two o'clock in the morning, back on the ship, he felt sufficiently fortified to finish reading the letter. When he reached the last page and saw Pat's "I think I'm in love with you, too," the cramped quarters of the ship could not hold Hal's exuberance.

"So I climbed to the crow's nest," he says, "and I sang every song I knew, at the top of my voice, until the fellow on watch shouted up, 'You'd better come down, Mr. Cooper, or we'll both get into trouble.'"

They would wait until the end of the war to marry, they decided. Pat came to New York and lived at the Rehearsal Club. She found a few parts in off-Broadway shows. Then, thanks to a ruptured appendix, Hal got a convalescent leave. Mrs. Meikle, visiting in New York, suggested they marry immediately. A phone call summoned Pat's father, and Hal's parents gave them a reception.

"That wasn't what we had intended," Hal says, "but we've been forever glad we did it." For, soon afterward, they learned the reason for Mrs. Meikle's urging. "Less than a month afterward," says Hal, "she died. We then discovered she had long known she had a serious heart condition. She must have realized her time was running out."

When Hal received his discharge in February of 1946, they returned to the university. After he received his degree, they went to the Dock Street Theater in Charleston, South Carolina, as assistant directors. With a seven-day-a-week responsibility for teaching, designing sets, staging plays and acting in them, they learned to put their personal life second.

In 1948, Pat and Hal set for themselves a new course of study in a field where few text books then existed. Returning to New York, they spent the entire summer watching television, planned some shows and started making the rounds.

"It was pretty discouraging at first," says Hal. "Everything was in a tumult and no one had money to spend. Our first break came when Bob Emery, whom I had worked for in radio, phoned to say that Du Mont was about to start daytime programming. He asked if Pat and I could do a low-budget show to keep preschool children amused for half an hour."

TV Baby Sitter resulted. Soon, for an older group, Hal and Pat originated *Magic Cottage,* a wonderfully charming fantasy which children loved, mothers approved and critics praised. Often, they received 3,000 letters a week. "We had everything but money," says Hal. "No one, in those days, wanted to buy a kids' show."

Their total income from the two shows, which they wrote, produced and performed, wouldn't pay for a ten-second spot announcement today. Together, they received $150 a week. "And out of it," says Pat, "we had to pay the cost of props and of handling our mail."

But despite its rigors, television was fun in those days. "The gang gathered at our funny little apartment on Third Avenue," Hal recalls. "The floor tilted so much that if you dropped a marble at one side of the room it would bang the opposite baseboard. Every three minutes, the Third Avenue El roared by and conversation automatically stopped."

They also appeared in dramatic shows. Hal played them all, but Pat's career was limited. "I was cast as a menace," she explains, "and the next morning everybody at Du Mont was calling everybody



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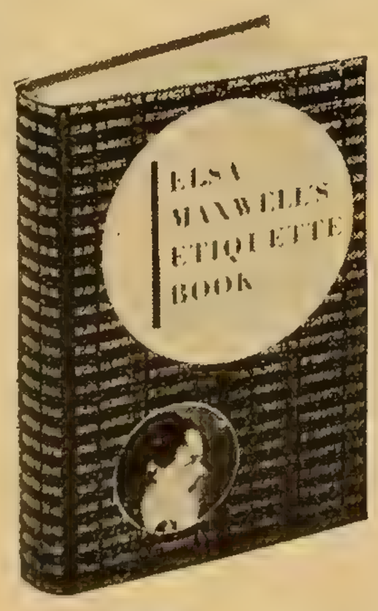
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else to say, 'You can't make a villainess of our child star.'"

In 1952, they varied their schedule. Hal went to England to produce a stage play. Pat intended to stay home but, separated, both felt lost. "Hal telephoned and I took off. I think we flew the ocean six times that summer."

Television was settling down and so were the Coopers. They moved to Madison Avenue, Louise Thompson came to take over the housework, and when Bethami was born August 16, 1954, Edna Crichton joined the household staff.

"They're both friends as well as helpers," says Pat. "Our Thanksgiving certainly proved that."

It's true importance only began when the last drumstick was finished. "Once we started thinking of ourselves as a family," says Hal, "we started looking ahead. We wanted Beth—and the other children we hope to have—to enjoy all the things Pat and I knew as kids."

Primarily, that meant grass, trees and room to run. It meant the security of owning a home and the happiness of close friends in the neighborhood. House-hunting, they toured the suburbs. "With our eyes on our watches," says Pat. "Every minute of travel time meant just so much time taken away from Beth."

It was Fran Carlon, who then had the lead in TV's *Portia Faces Life,* who suggested a solution. Meeting Hal one day, she said, "I've heard of a house for sale down in the Village. . . ."

To a Midwesterner who still thinks of Greenwich Village as a section composed exclusively of attics, the house the Coopers bought would be a distinct surprise.

Located on a quiet, tree-lined street, it turns a narrow, tidy, four-story face toward the pavement, but the heart of the block is a different world. There, totally enclosed by the buildings, is a lovely little private park with lawns, trees and even a sturdy little tree-house for children.

The house itself is about a hundred years old, Pat explains, but three generations of children have grown up in the little park. "In 1923, owners around the block got together and decided to tear down their back fences. Now we hold an annual meeting to decide on improvements and make an assessment for upkeep. Since property here seldom changes hands, some of those children who first played in the park are now grandparents. Right in the middle of New York, this is like living in a small town. We love it."

The Coopers, who not long ago were adept at living out of a wardrobe trunk, have put down roots. At present, they have the first two floors of the house and rent the two upper apartments. "But," says Hal, "as our family grows, we'll take over that space for ourselves."

Pat's thoughts reach even further into the years ahead. "When Beth wants an apartment of her own, we can cut off a floor and it will be ready for her."

"And finally," says Hal, "when the children marry and move away, Pat and I will be right back down where we are now, with a comfortable income property during our retirement."

It's a plan for a lifetime, a plan for good living, and—Pat and Hal remind you—a plan which started just last Thanksgiving, when they discovered they weren't just television performers, they were that most important thing in the world—a family.

To Cynthia with Love

(*Continued from page* 51)

character in a book I've read. To us, the name Cynthia is associated only with you. It is all yours, as a name should really be.

At this point in our lives, so soon after your birth, I talk about you all day long. "When," your daddy asked me the other night, "do we stop talking about how many ounces a feeding and how many burps a day?" Then *he* wanted to know "How many?" If this makes us sound too doting, just remember that we waited for you a long time. And when you did arrive, you came in such a rush! You were not expected until the first week in August, at the earliest, but you were born in Doctor's Hospital at 9:33 A.M., July 30, 1955.

The first thing I remember clearly, after that, was your daddy standing by my bed and saying, "She's beautiful. She's the most beautiful baby I have ever seen. Wait until you see her—she's really pretty!"

I laughed to myself, remembering how carefully Richard had briefed me on what I might expect of him as a new father. He didn't want me to be disappointed, so he thought he should warn me that he might not feel up to behaving like a proud papa. Not at first, anyway—not until you were a little older and began to *project* your personality.

Well, you "projected" to your daddy from the moment he set eyes on you! Every day, while I was in the hospital, he'd get me a chair so I could sit and look at you, through glass, in the nursery. And, for the whole forty-five minutes that parents were permitted to see their babies each day, we'd sit there, both of us, and stare. And now we hope we have another just like you, another girl first, then two boys!

From your eyes up, you're like your father. Your hair is dark. I hope it stays that way, I hope you have curly dark hair like Richard's. From your eyes down, you're like me. You look most of all, I think, like my mother—your Grandmother Houchins. I look like her, too, only she is much prettier than I am. You "take after" both sides, I'd say—although you're so like one baby picture of me, taken in profile, that I'm scared.

Scared, that is, because I wasn't pretty, when I was a teenager. I was all nose—big nose, big mouth—and gawky. When director-producer Joe Pasternak signed me to a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film contract, he said, "You're about the funniest-looking girl I've ever seen, and you can't dance or sing or act, and I don't know what I'm going to do with you. But," he added, *quite* dubiously, "kind of interesting. . .!"

What Mr. Pasternak did was to put me in "This Time for Keeps," which starred Esther Williams. (That was something of a paradox, since I not only couldn't sing, dance or act—I couldn't even swim!) He also cast me in "Ballerina" and in "No Leave, No Love." And, in all three pictures, I played "the other woman."

In due course of time, I made other pictures, but not for long. One day, I just upped and left. Hollywood was not for me—nor I for Hollywood, I suspect.

I'm telling you all this because it proves that lack of beauty need not be a serious handicap—even in the "photogenic" medium of motion pictures. Still, it's nice for a girl to be pretty, so I hope *you* will be. Pleasant-looking, let's say, but not a raving beauty. Raving beauties take themselves too seriously. And the way life treats them, all too often, is not what I dream of, for you.

I hope you'll feel, as your father and I do, that having a child is about as creative as anyone can be. That, compared with having child—which is creating *life* itself—painting a picture, writing a book, acting, or any of the arts, is relatively meaningless.

If you *must* have a career, I hope it will be as nice as the one I have. A simple career that fits in, as mine does, with a pleasant and normal life. I do only one show, *Search For Tomorrow*, on CBS-TV. I go to work at eight-thirty in the morning, get home in the early afternoon, and *stay* home. I will not take a night-time show. I won't even take a once-in-a-while, free-lance night-time show. I did it just once. Your daddy—who is associate producer on NBC-TV's big show, *Today*—also gets home early. That one night, he ate alone. We didn't like it that way, and I never tried it again.

I hope that you will never be a slave to ambition. I would hate to have you a "star." Truth is, I really hope you're not an actress at all. Perhaps you won't want to be. It's usually the children of very glamorous parents—such as Marlene Dietrich's daughter, Maria Riva—who seem most to want an acting career.

If you do want a career, and if I have any influence, you'll be a writer. Reasons: Writers can be by themselves, are sufficient unto themselves, can fit into any kind of a life anywhere—and, in addition, once you've learned to coordinate your thoughts on paper, you coordinate better in everything you do! I found that out when I wrote a book, while I was living in Hollywood. An autobiographical book. You will never see it—because once it was completed, I tore it up. It had served its purpose. For, from that time on, I had more confidence as an actress than I had ever had before. I became a more immaculate housekeeper than I had ever been before. Since then, everything in my life has been better organized than ever before.

Whatever it is you want to do, I hope that Richard and I will be smart enough to let you go out on your own—as my own parents were, when they let me leave our home in Tulsa, Oklahoma, and go off to New York at the age of nineteen.

But my dearest hope for you is that you will marry. And that you'll marry someone as nice as your daddy. I couldn't wish anything better for you than that. He is kind and understanding and wise and witty and warm, and fun—and he's pretty fond of you!

After four years of being married to him, I still wait for the sound of the rising elevator that tells me Richard has come home. After four years of marriage, he's still romantic, still sends me flowers and gives me presents—seldom on the days you expect presents, but always in commemoration of something significant. On Mother's Day this year, for instance, he gave me a little pearl and diamond ring, because this Mother's Day had such special significance for me. (My birthday he skipped entirely!)

An hour after you were born, your daddy said he wanted to go home and shave. An hour later, he came racing back with a lovely circlet of sapphires, set in platinum, for me. He still hadn't shaved, of course. Then, two days after you were born was our fourth wedding anniversary, and there were two dozen long-stemmed red roses in my hospital room, among all the pink and blue "baby" flowers. And, always, we still get dressed up and go dancing, as we did when we were dating, and it is still the way it was in the days when we *were* dating. . .

I hope it will be this way, this lovely way, for you. . . .

I hope, too, you will want to live as normal and family-type a life as we—for your sake and for the sakes of the sister and brother we hope you'll have.

We always wanted a large family. When we began to fear we were not going to have any family at all, we were going to adopt a child. Then *you* came. And soon, perhaps, there will be another like you. Then it will be time to go, to move out of the city and into the country. We love this apartment, into which we moved only three months before you were born. But we feel that city life—a walk in the park in the morning, another walk in the park in the afternoon—is too regimented a life for children.

Our plan is to live in a smallish town where the schools are good. We want our children to go to public schools. And, after public school, a good college.

We know the kind of house we want to buy. A big, comfortable, old-fashioned kind of house where you can live as undisciplined a life as possible—where you can open the back door, and go outside to play. A house with plenty of room for bikes and scooters and doll-baby buggies and baseball bats and skates and skis and assorted puppies and kittens and white mice and frogs.

And we want to be sort of comfortable, old-fashioned parents. We want to be Scout Masters and Den Mothers and all the rest of that wonderful job of being parents.

I hope you'll like us, your daddy and me, as *people*—not because you should, but because you just *do*. At the same time, I hope you'll have some interests we don't share because they'll be all your own. Each of us, I think, must have something that is all our own. I hope you like people, period. If you do, you get that from your father. He loves people, gets along with people. So will you, of this I'm sure. You like people *now*. As long as someone is in the room with you, you lie there, murmuring happily. As for myself, I like to be around my family, but am inclined to feel uncomfortable with strangers.

I hope you love music and books, because they are the *faithful* things. And they are the things you can share. It's a little early to know whether you'll like books, but you seem to love music now. I make children's records—it only takes a few daytime hours a year. I tell stories and sing nursery rhymes, some of which I now sing to you.

I hope you will see the world you live in and are able to appreciate what you see, and to understand it.

I hope, in short—for this says it all—that you will always be happy. I hope you will have as good a time and as good a life as I have. I hope you will always be as rosy with health and as cozy and snug as you look now. And as peaceful.

This above all, I hope that you will grow up in a world at peace.



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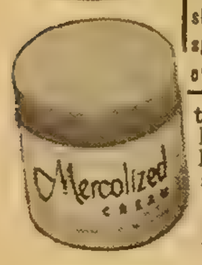
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Straight from the Heart

(*Continued from page* 43)

felt she was cured and had nothing to be ashamed of. Before the interview, she told Coates that her neighbors all knew her story anyway.

But *Confidential File* has a responsibility when dealing with emotionally-disturbed people. The woman had children. Before the show started, it was pointed out to her that they would have to bear the shame if her face were seen. So, in telling her story of attempted suicide, she agreed to wear the mask.

The shocking story of the woman with suicidal tendencies was only one in the *Confidential File* series of Guild Films' new, nationally-syndicated show. Because of its basic approach to contemporary problems, *Confidential File* will undoubtedly arouse more comment than almost any other new show this season.

Confidential File is co-written by Paul Coates and Jim Peck, two *Los Angeles Mirror-News* newspapermen. Coates, the interviewer on *File,* is described by Peck as "surprised that he (Coates) is a TV personality."

On-camera, interviewer Coates is suave, looks older than his thirty-four years, dresses well, and is careful about his appearance. There are two reactions to his sphinx-like visage on-camera: Some of his viewers see him as cold, bold and arrogant—and some think him handsome.

There are two explanations for Paul Coates' video personality: He is, according to his close friend, Jim Peck, a basically shy person. "Once you get to know Paul," says Peck, "he is warm and outgoing." The second reason stems from the nature of *Confidential File.* As an interviewer, Paul can't give advice to the people on his show, he can't solve their problems, he is no authority—he is simply an uncritical observer. Hence, the sphinx-like face.

"I promised that, in doing *File,*" says Paul, "I would never have the right at any time to be the authority. I don't attempt to give advice, even in areas where I know good and well what I'm talking about. I'm strictly a reporter."

Confidential File is the brainchild of reporter Paul Coates and a marriage of two ideas. The first occurred three years ago when, after he and Jim Peck successfully wrote a pair of *Dragnet* scripts, they figured that, if they could do it for *Dragnet,* they could do it for themselves. The second idea stemmed from Paul's feeling that the people who came to life in his own *Los Angeles Mirror-News* column, "Confidential File," would make for powerful visual drama.

"As a reporter," says Paul, "I daily met people that most TV viewers would never meet—drug addicts, petty criminals, juvenile delinquents, and the like. I hoped that, if I brought them and their problems to television, it might stimulate a deeper understanding, it would tend to broaden the acceptance of people for other people, it would break down barriers."

And Jim Peck continues, "*Confidential File* was designed simply to make people aware of the differences as well as the similarities of people in other walks of life, and to take them to places where they would never go otherwise. The show on Buddhism is an example. It certainly was not designed to promote Buddhism, but simply to point out the similarity in men of good will, whether they wear skull caps or Oriental headdress."

Confidential File has been accused of sensationalism. This is not surprising, inasmuch as the program has covered such taboo areas as the sexual psychopath and homosexuals, with "live" subjects as interviewees. But, in talking with Coates and Peck, one is forced to defer to their honest approach with the program.

"I think that we have taken some serious chances in television," Paul says. "For example, the way we discussed child molesters and homosexuals. We were told by the higher-ups in TV that we would be through if we did these programs. Yet *Confidential File* has given us a real respect for the viewing audience. The programs which we were told were the most fearful and impossible to do were the ones that got the best public reaction.

"Our reaction to this is a sincerely increased respect for the ability of the public to integrate the truth. We think they are interested in hearing the truth. We believe that the public not only wants to hear the truth, but can handle it. We think *Confidential File* has brought about a number of fairly important changes in the public's attitude toward certain severe social problems.

"One particular show had to do with sex education," Paul continues. "Now the fact that we intended to use the scientific words for the genitals was shocking to a friend of mine who is rather highly placed in the television industry. He told us we would be taken off TV if we used such descriptions on a program to which children were invited to listen.

"And yet it seemed important to Jim Peck and me, because the semantic implications in sex education are critical. If a child thinks about himself in four-letter words, then he has a sordid idea of what he represents. He is likely to feel guilty about it. But if he is given the proper words and a good scientific explanation, then we say the child is getting a good sex education. He is going to grow up as an adult who is not only highly acceptable in the way he acts out his sexual impulses in marriage, but does so happily. This happy adjustment we consider to be of prime importance."

In terms of the contribution to mental health, and in spite of the accusation of sensationalism, Paul Coates and *Confidential File* are getting a great amount of recognition for the constructive work the show is doing. On September 8, 1955, the Volunteers of Psychiatry of the Los Angeles General Hospital, one thousand strong, presented Paul with an award for the outstanding contribution to mental health in the past year. Speakers included Dr. Rappaport, State Director of Mental Hygiene; Dr. Tarzan, President of Southern California Psychiatric Association; the president of the Los Angeles County Medical Association; and a representative from the Attorney General's office. This was the first time in the history of these joint mental health organizations that anything like this had been done.

This and other awards Paul has received certainly seem appropriate, particularly when one understands the scrupulous detail that Paul puts into the research on every *Confidential File.* There are fifteen people on the staff, not counting the crew of twenty-seven technicians and cameramen. When suicide was discussed as a possible subject for *File,* Paul went first to Dr. James McGinnis, Chief Psychiatrist of the Los Angeles County General Hospital. "In the field of mental health," says Paul, "Dr. McGinnis is the one we go to first. He puts us in touch with the various leaders in the field.

"In the case of suicide, we worked with the Menninger Clinic, plus various other

theorists, leading doctors in the city, interns at the receiving hospitals, and ambulance drivers—the very first people to see attempted suicides—and finally got the reactions of the people themselves who had tried in one way or another to take their own lives."

The detailed research Paul puts into each *Confidential File* is obvious. "For example," he says, "we learned from the doctors and theorists some of the reasons why people attempt suicide—even unknowingly. The ambulance drivers we interviewed substantiated this point. They said it was surprising to them how many repeats they attended for accidental injury. Ambulance drivers, men without medical or psychiatric knowledge, realized these victims were unconsciously trying to hurt themselves.

"The doctors and interns told us the same story. They cited one bit of research which indicated that fifty percent of all the accidents in a manufacturing plant were committed by only seven percent of the workers.

"In actual suicide attempts, we were surprised to see so much anger on the faces of the recovered victims. After their stomachs had been pumped and they regained consciousness, their most common remark was an angry, 'Why didn't you let me die!' These people are obviously sick. They need qualified psychiatric help."

Paul recognizes the responsibility that the show forces upon him. In the actual TV presentation of the suicide study, he did not allow the "live" subject to reveal her identity (even though she was willing) because of the embarrassment it would have caused her family.

The additional responsibility and Paul's honest approach is again made apparent in the *Confidential File* he did on blind children in the Los Angeles area. This episode received more mail than any other show in the series.

The story came to television one day shortly after Paul heard of the small, independent Foundation for the Junior Blind, dedicated to teaching blind children to live in a sighted world. The foundation was run by Norman Kaplan and his ex-schoolteacher wife. Paul investigated. He found the charitable couple working on the slimmest margin—Mr. Kaplan went out every day, picking up the children in a broken-down station wagon. Mrs. Kaplan prepared a cold midday meal—there was no stove. When the show was presented to the Los Angeles audience, though a direct appeal was never made, $15,000 was raised for their help. The money went into a trust fund administered by a bank.

But Paul's interest in such cases does not end after the show. "I don't mind telling you," he says with a smile, "that we keep checking on the fund ourselves." After extensive checking, Paul found the Foundation strictly deserving.

Paul Coates was born 34 years ago in New York. His father was an architect, his mother a housewife. They lived in the Washington Heights section of Manhattan. "Although it wasn't a poor neighborhood," Paul recalls, "in those days, as now, New York kids lived and played on the streets. I remember the winters we built a fire in the gutter and roasted potatoes—and if we didn't eat the 'Mickeys' we threw them.

"When I was a youngster, I always belonged to a gang. I remember gang fights where hundreds of kids from different neighborhoods got together for one big brawl. We did a show recently on kid gangs—or 'rat packs' as they are called here in Southern California. I'm sensi-

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tive to that term because, with it, some people try to pin all our juvenile trouble on one racial group—our Mexican children. And that's a lot of nonsense.

"When I was a kid in New York I remember Irish kids and Jewish kids and Italian kids, and they were every bit as bad and every bit as *good*—as children of Mexican ancestry here in Los Angeles. Juvenile delinquency doesn't recognize false racial categories."

Even before he learned to read, Paul had earned a reputation as a "story teller." When the grade-school teacher asked, "And what did you do on your summer vacation?" Paul was always the first one called on. As soon as he learned to read and write at P.S. 115, Paul won the school's short story contest. He continued winning these contests through George Washington High School. Though he was always interested in writing, he says his best subject was civics.

During his summers, Paul worked at odd jobs to make money for college—as an office boy in a publishing firm, as a counselor at a summer camp in the Adirondacks. "By then, the gang had become a football club—we were all interested in athletics. The kids in the club got jobs as instructors. One of them liked tennis, so he became the camp's tennis coach. I liked horses, so I became the riding instructor. The tennis coach didn't know a thing about the game, and I didn't know my saddle from my bridle. But we didn't let that stand in the way of our summer jobs."

Before he entered the Army in 1943, Paul went to Columbia University, studying radio writing with Professor Barnow. As a corporal in the Army, stationed at a reception center, he wrote for the post newspaper and did "handout copy" for the men who came through the center. "You know," Paul says, "Pvt. Tom Jones from your home town stuff."

In 1945, Paul was discharged and landed his first professional writing job as publicist for New York's Dixie Hotel. From there he went into publicity for Station WTMJ, the *Milwaukee Journal* radio station. After a year and a half, he returned to New York hotel publicity.

In 1946, two important events occurred. Paul met the girl who was to be his wife; and he wrote a job-request letter to the editor of the country's newest large daily newspaper—then the *Los Angeles Mirror*.

Paul's wife, Renee, was a dancer at the Copacabana night club when he first saw her. On their first date, Paul took Renee for a ride in a hansom cab around Central Park. "I thought that was very romantic," he says, "but Renee felt it was a little bit silly. I wasn't used to hansom cabs—I got a touch of motion sickness. It didn't turn out well at all."

However, a few months later, Paul and Renee were married. Their family now boasts three children: Joren, 12, Renee's daughter by a previous marriage; Kevin, 8, and Timmie, 7. "In the hospital waiting room," says Paul, "I'm a floor pacer and a chain smoker. My first reaction when I saw Kevin was to count his fingers and toes. I did it three times before I was sure there were twenty! I was fully amazed that I could have a child with a normal complement of fingers and toes. My thought at the time was, 'Look how wonderful Mother Nature is.'"

Paul enjoyed New York hotel publicity, but his main ambition was to break into a big city newspaper as a columnist. His letter to the editor of the *Los Angeles Mirror* carried these hopes. "I knew I couldn't sell him on the idea of my being a general columnist," he says, "because the *Mirror* didn't know me from Mayor LaGuardia.

'So I tried to sell the editor a 'Dining Around Town' column idea. But he wasn't interested. He wrote back saying there weren't enough restaurants in town to warrant such a column. I knew he was either wrong or being kind."

A week later the phone rang, the editor had changed his mind and wanted Paul to submit a couple of pages of copy. He did and was hired. "My purpose," says Paul, "was never to be a gourmet. I wanted to show the paper I could write. As soon as possible, I wanted to do a general reporting column."

Paul got the kind of column he wanted in a matter of weeks—after he wrote a column attacking home cooking. He explains, "I thought that we had a natural tendency to make too much of home cooking and apple pie." Many of his readers wrote in, disagreeing with him. Paul offered to prove his point by accepting invitations to dinner at the home of any of his readers who cared to invite him. Three hundred and fifty did! He spent the next three months dining in homes around Los Angeles County. "I forget the exact number," he says, "but I had some marvelous meals in those days."

The escapade received wide attention in the nation's press, and Paul's column became one of the best-known features in the *Los Angeles Mirror-News*. His editors took note, too. Within weeks, Paul had stopped writing about food altogether, devoting his column to the "human element."

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Paul's first radio show on local Station KFI was called *Sunday Feature Page* and was not too unlike *Confidential File*. "I tried," he recalls, "to give my audience the voices of the little people who made the stories. I thought it was a good show. It only lasted six weeks."

His next attempt was a news show on ABC-TV. "Television petrified me," Paul confesses. "So I made a deal with ABC—they would show the news pictures as I read the copy, but I was never to be seen. I'm probably the only man in TV who made his debut without having to face a camera."

In 1950, Paul gathered together enough courage to face the cameras on a local comedy-panel show called *Bachelor's Haven. Haven* was produced by CBS-TV's Bill Brennan, a fan of Paul's column. "I'm looking for someone with an off-beat sense of humor," he told Paul, "how about it?" Paul accepted. "There were two regular panelists," he says, "Zsa Zsa Gabor and me, and two guests. We were paid thirty dollars a week. That was one of the funniest parts of the show."

In 1953, after *Bachelor's Haven,* Paul began producing *Confidential File*. It was an immediate success in the Los Angeles area. "Overnight," Paul recalls, "everybody was talking about *Confidential File*. All of a sudden, we were stars. Everybody was saying what a great show we had, and what a great community service we were doing, and we were sure to make a million dollars! I was so proud of myself that I was beginning to feel like a big-shot. Then came the day of reckoning. We did the show for very little money—and one day we were locked out of our rented cutting room because we owed about eighty dollars. Some big-shot."

Paul's schedule today is very much like what it was in 1947, when he first joined the *Los Angeles Mirror*. At 10 A.M., the first calls begin coming into his new Burbank home. Paul lives in Burbank, near the San Fernando Valley, for two reasons: "One," he says, "is because I like living close to the bridle path. I enjoy riding in my spare time. We have three horses, and the house is right on the bridle path; and, two, I have never been attached to the idea of living in Beverly Hills. To me, it is like owning a Cadillac. We live in Burbank."

Paul works at home until noon, when he leaves for the *Confidential File* office in Hollywood. He continues working there for two hours, then goes downtown to the *Mirror-News,* where he writes his daily column.

Paul relies a great deal on phoned-in "tips" for many of his stories. "Once," he says, "a suicide called to tell me he was going to jump off his roof if I didn't come talk to him. He said he'd jump for sure if I called the police. He sounded drunk, but legitimate, so I raced over to his 8th Street hotel. About two blocks away, I heard sirens and I thought to myself, 'Somebody did call the police and the poor guy has jumped.' But, when I got to the roped-off section of the street, he was still sitting on the edge of the roof, alone. I ran through the crowd and up to the roof. He recognized me and was sore as blazes, blaming me for calling the police and causing the commotion. It was a terrible experience for me. My knees were buckling for a half-hour while I tried to convince him not to jump—that somebody else had seen him up there and called the police. It was the first time in my life that I had ever felt responsible for saving a living soul—or seeing him die in front of my eyes. Finally, after thirty minutes of conversation, an officer came out of the darkened fire escape, and knocked him to safety. After it was over, I was almost too nervous to write it up in my column."

In preparing his column, Paul looks for the little human-interest stories that generally never make the papers. When he has free time, he drives around at night, covering the police calls. "The little family fights," he says, "the 'keep-the-peace' calls—these are the unimportant things, yet with great humor and great tragedy which give the city color. That's what I like. I know it sounds corny, but it is something I enjoy doing. I can write it."

It is from this city color that *Confidential File* was born. Rainbow-like, *File* explores the entire range of human interests and emotions. It has been put together with a scrupulous detailed search for the unemotional fact, with a reporter's objectivity and passion for the truth. As a result, in Los Angeles in 1955, it was awarded two of TV's coveted Emmys—the first to Paul Coates as the year's outstanding male personality, and the second to *Confidential File,* voted the leading cultural-educational show.

The fact that the show is now distributed nationally has not changed Paul Coates' original aims: To broaden people's acceptance of one another . . . to break down barriers . . . to point out the similarities in all men of good will everywhere.



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